OVIDS TRISTIA

Containinge five Bookes of mournfull Elegies which hee sweetly composed in the midst of his aduersitie, while hee liu'd in Tomos a Cittie of Pontus where hee dyed after seauen yeares Banishment from Rome.

Translated into English by W. S.

Veniam pro laude peto—

London Printed for Fra: Grone and are to be sould at his shopp on Snowe hill neere the Sarazens head. 1633.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO The Honourable and worthy of honour by Desert, Sr. *Kenelme Digbye* Knight.

Sr.

Our generous minde framed by nature to vertue and vertuous actions, is so well knowne to Souldiers and Schollers, that as *Mars* gives you Bayes, so the *Muses* doe give you Bookes. The consideration where of hath emboldned me (though a stranger) to offer

Quis est generosus? Ad virtutem bene a natura compositus. Sen. Lib. 5. Ep. 44.

to your protection this tranſlation of *Ovids* Elegies, who I thinke was even rockt in his cradle by the Muſes, and fed with Sugar and Helliconian water, which made him have ſo ſweet a veine of Poetry. So that the name of *Ovid* is a ſufficient commendation for any worke of his, if my Engliſh can but like the Eccho, ſend backe the ſoft Muſicke of his lines. And indeede if he write beſt of love that hath beene in love; and that there is a certaine ἐνέργεια or efficacie in his words that feeles the affection; I doubt not but my owne ſorrow hath learnt me how to tranſlate *Ovids* ſorrow. For I confeſſe I was never in Fortunes Books, and therefore am not much indebted to her, neyther doe I care for her frownes; but I am greeved for one who is my brother in miſ-

fortune

fortune, who is *exul in patria*, being enforced to let that skill and experience which he hath gotten abroad in marine affaires, and which hath beene approved of both by the English and Dutch nations in severall long voyages, lye dead in him for want of imployment which is the life of practicall knowledge: and though he must be compelled by his present fates to accept of the imployment of forraine nations, yet if a way might be opened unto him he is more willing (as he is bound by dutie) to serve his native King and Countrey, which desire of his I know your generous disposition cannot but cherish, and approve of my love towards him. This Booke *Ovid* sent to the Citty of *Rome* as appeares by the first verse, *Parve nec invideo, &c.* and I am now to send it forth into a

Clay abounding with Criticks, and therefore is desires your worthy patronage and defence; for which (if *Ovid* lived) he would make his fluent Muse expresse his thankfulnesse. But I for any favour which you shall shew unto this translation, must acknowledge my selfe bound unto your vertue, which I wish may shine forth in prosperous actions, untill your fame be equall to *Cæsars* who banisht *Ovid*.

The Servant of your Vertues,

W. SALTONSTALL.

To the Reader.

IT is now growne a common custome to seeke thy good will by an Epistle, and therein to move thy affection to be favourable to the present worke, wherein I neede not bestow any great paines, for this is a translation of Ovids last booke which he writ in banishment; and therefore if you would set before your eyes the present estate wherein he then lived, it would exceedingly move your pitty towards him. Imagine that you saw Ovid in the Land of Pontus, where he whose companie was so much desired, was now banisht from all companie; he that was once the Darling of the Muses, now made the subject of miserie; he that dranke choise wines, now drinks spring water; he that wore a wreath of Bayes, now weares a wreath of Cypresse: and to conclude, he that was once so famous, was now

as

as much unfortunate, and all this was most unworthily inflicted on him for some offence committed against Cæsar, and also for writing that unhappy booke which he called the Art of love, for these two he accuses as the causers of his banishment; during which time he writ this last Booke entituling it his Tristium because it contained his sorrow: And lastly consider, that after he had writen this booke, having divers times sought to be repealed from banishment, and despairing of any mercy from Cæsar, he at last dyed in the seventh yeare of his banishment from Rome, the Muses, together with Venus and a hundred little Cupids being mourners at his funerall. If therefore you ever loved the sweetnesse of Ovids veine, or if the consideration of his sufferance in banishment, his want, his griefes, his afflictions, and lastly his death in a barbarous land can move your pitty and compassion, I doubt not but you will shew much love and affection to these Elegies even for Ovids sake, whose compositions were so sweet and fluent that his verses did runne like a smooth streame fed by the spring of the Muses, so that he could hardly speake but in the manner of a verse, for so he testifies of himselfe: Quicquid conabor dicere versus erit, Now for my selfe, I have put these Elegies of Ovids into an Eng-

lish

To the Reader.

lisse mourning habit, with a Frontisspice to give thee a cleare view of Ovids *misery, and to make thy heart more apt to receive a deeper impression of his sorrow, that seeing how unworthily hee was dealt withall, thou maist both pitty* Ovid, *and love this worke of his, which is all I desire.*

Thine

W. S.

Angelus Politianus his Epigram on the baniſhment and death of *Ovid*.

THe *Romane* Poet lies in the *Euxine* ſhore,
And barbarous earth the Poet covers o're:
Him that did write of love that land doth hide,
Through which the *Iſters* colder ſtreame doth glide.
And wert not aſham'd to be (O *Rome*)
More cruell than the *Getes* to ſuch a ſonne?
Oh Muſes, while he ſicke in *Scythia* lay,
Who was there that his ſickneſſe could allay?
Or keepe his cold limbes in the bed by force,
Or paſſe away the day with ſome diſcourſe?
Or that could feele his pulſe when it did beate,
Or apply to him warme things to cheriſh heate?
Or cloſe his eyes even ſwimming round with death,
And in his mouth receive his lateſt breath?
There were none, for his ancient friends then were
In thee O *Rome*, from *Pontus* diſtant farre.
His Wife and Nephewes were farre off, together
His daughter went not with her baniſht father.
The *Beſſi* and *Coralli* were in theſe partes,
And the skin-wearing *Getes* with ſtony hearts.
The *Sarmatian* riding on his horſe was there,
To comfort him with lookes that dreadfull were,
Yet when he was dead, the *Beſſi* wept, the *Gete*,
And ſtout *Sarmatians* did their faces beate.

Woods.

Woods, mountaines, beasts, a mourning day did keepe,
And *Isters* pearly streame they say did weepe.
Some say that frozen *Pontus* did begin
To melt, with teares of Sea-nymphes shed for him.
Light *Cupids* with their mother *Venus* ranne,
And with torches set the funerall pile on flame:
And while his body did consume and burne,
They put his ashes in a closed Vrne:
And on his Tombe-stone these words graven were,
He that did teach the Art of love lyes here.
Then *Venus* with her white hand did bedewe
His grave, while she sweet Nectar on him threw.
The Muses brought their Poet many a verse,
Which I am farre unworthy to rehearse.

Julius Scaligers Verses on *Ovid*, wherein he maketh *Ovid* speake to *Augustus*.

I Would thy cruelty had in me begunne,
Nor by murders steps to ruine me hadst come.
If my wanton youth did move thy discontent,
Thou mayst condemne thy selfe to banishment.
For such foule deeds thy private roomes do staine,
That men condemned ne're did act the same.
Could not my wit, nor gentlenesse thee restraine?
Nor sweete tongue second to *Apollo's* vaine?
My straine hath made the ancient Poets soft,
And to the new the waight of things hath taught.
I then did lye when as I prayed thee,
For this my banishment was desery'd by me.

Thanks

Or,
Ovids Ghost.

WHen I did live I got the wreath of Bayes,
From other Poets in my younger dayes:
And soone my fame through all the world was knowne,
While Ovid onely was esteem'd at Rome.
But then at last as I did raise my fame
By verse, so from my verse my ruine came.
By an error I great Cæsars wrath did move,
And then by writing of the Art of Love:
For which two faults by Cæsar I was sent,
To the Pontick land to live in Banishment.
I endeavour'd still to be repeal'd from hence,
But Cæsar would not pardon my offence.
Thus seaven yeeres I in Banishment did spend,
Untill by death my sorrowes had an end.
And then my Soule to Charons boat did goe,
Where first Ovid did attend Rhadamisse Bow:
And row'd me straight to the Elysian fields,
Where unto happy soules such pleasure yeelds.
Where now I live, and every day converse,
With ghosts of Lovers who my lines rehearse:
And for my sake sweete Garlands are compos'd,
Of Lillies mingled with the crimson Rose:
Which they do give me, thereby to explaine,
How Lovers vaine did love sweet Ovids vaine.
And now at last it joyes my ghost to see,
The world doth still preserve my memorie.
And that my Sorrowes they transferred have,
And have not buried them within my grave.
For which my Ghost unto the world gives thanks,
In the sad Elegies on the Elysian banks.

Elegies themselves as much exceeded know
Tottalas Heroicks did to Virgill owe.

In this Elegie at large
Ovid gives his booke a charge,
To see Rome, and gives direction
How with time to varie action.

ELEGIA I.

MY little Booke, the City thou shalt see,
Woe's me, thy master may not goe with thee:
Goe, but undrest, and seeing thou art mine,
Put on a habite like unto the time.
Be not clothed with the Hyacinths purple juyce,
Such colours are in mourning out of use.
Paint not thy title with vermillion dye,
To draw unto thee every gazing eye:
No oyle of Cedar to thy leaves allow,
Nor weare white corners on thy sable browe:
Such Ornaments may happie bookes invest,
But be thou like unto my fortune dreſt,
Thy forehead with no pumice stone make faire,
But goe thou forth with looke and ragged haire,

Nor ſhame thoſe blots which on thy face appeare;
For ſome may thinke they were made with my teares.
Goe booke, ſalute the Citie in my name,
For on thy feete I will goe backe againe;
And if by chance among the common crew,
Some mindefull of me aske thee, how I doe?
Returne this anſwer, tell them that I live,
And that my god this life doth freely give.
But if they more doe ſeeke, then ſilent be,
And ſpeake not that ſhould not be read in thee.
Then the angrie reader will repeate my fault,
While by the people I am guiltie thought.
Defend me not though they my fault repeat,
An ill cauſe by defence is made more great.
Some thou ſhalt finde will ſigh, 'cauſe I am gone,
And reade theſe verſes with wet cheekes alone:
Who often wiſhes, *Cæſar* would but pleaſe,
Some lighter puniſhment might his wrath appeaſe.
And I doe pray he may n'ere wretched be,
That wiſhes *Cæſar* thus ſhould pitty me.
But may his wiſhes come to paſſe, that I
At laſt may in my native countrey dye.
But booke, I know, thou ſhalt receive much blame,
And be thought inferior unto *Ouids* fame:
Yet every judge the time and matter weighes;
The time conſidered, thou deſerveſt praiſe.
Smooth verſes from a quiet minde doe flow:
My times are overcaſt with ſuddaine woe.
Verſes require much leaſure and ſweet eaſe:
But I am toſt by winds, and angry Seas.
Verſes were never made in feare, while I
Doe looke each minute by the ſword to dye.
So that an equall judge may well approve
Theſe lines of mine, and reade them with much love.

Had *Homer* beene diſtreſſ'd ſo many wayes,
It would his ſharpe diſcerning wit amaze.
Then booke be careleſſe of all idle fame;
For to diſpleaſe thy Reader, is no ſhame,
Since fortune hath not ſo kind to me beene,
That thou their idle praiſe ſhouldſt ſo eſteeme:
When I was happy, I did covet fame,
And had a great deſire to get a name.
But now both verſe and ſtudy I doe hate,
Since they have brought me to this baniſht ſtate.
Yet goe my booke, thee in my place I aſſigne,
And would to God I could not call thee mine.
Though as a ſtranger thou doſt come to Rome,
Thou canſt not to the people come unknowne:
Hadſt thou no title, yet thy ſable hew,
If thou deny me, will thy author ſhew.
Yet enter ſecretly, leaſt ſome doe diſdaine
My verſe, which is not now eſteem'd by fame.
And if by chance ſome when they heare me nam'd
Doe caſt thee by out of their ſcornefull hand,
Tell them that I doe teach no rules of love,
That worke was long ſince puniſht from above.
Perhaps thou doſt imagine thou art ſent,
To *Cæſars* Court, which is not my intent:
Aſpire not thou unto thoſe ſeates divine,
From whence the Thunder did on me decline,
Though once the Gods more favourable were,
Yet now their juſt deſerved wrath I feare.
The fearefull Dove once ſtrucke, ſtill after ſpringes,
When ſhe doth heare the Hawkes large [illegible]
And from the fold the Lambe dare [illegible]
That from the Woolfe hath gotten [illegible]
Nor would young *Phaethon* [illegible]
His fathers ſteeds, if he were now [illegible]

So having left great Loves devouring flame,
I am afraid I should be struck againe.
He that was in the Grecian fleet before,
Will bend his sailes from the Eubœan shoare,
And so my weather beaten barke doth shunne
That place from whence the furious storme begunne.
Therefore be wisely circumspect, take heede,
It is enough if thee the people reade.
While Icarus flew too high with waxen plumes
The Icarian seas from him their name assumes,
Yet it is hard to counsell in this action,
Since time and place will give thee best direction.
For if thou see that Cæsars wrath be spent,
And that his anger is to mildnesse bent:
Or if some Courtier thee to Cæsar show,
And speake to him in thy behalfe, then goe,
With luckie starres, and bring me some releefe,
To lighten this my heavy weight of griefe.
For he by whom I did these wounds obtaine
Can like Achilles speare cure them againe.
But take heede least thou doe disfavour finde,
My hopes are small and feares perplex my minde:
Least I another punishment obtaine,
If thou doe move his new-calmd wrath againe.
But when into my study thou dost get,
And there upon the little shelves art set,
There thou shalt see thy other brothers stand,
Brought all to life, by one life-giving hand.
The rest are by their paper titles knowne,
Whose written names are on their forehead showne.
Three other Bookes thou shalt likewise discerne,
Teaching loves Art which every one can learne:
But shun them, and if thou hast so much breath,
Tell them that *Oedipus* was his fathers death.

And

And if thy parents words have power to move,
Love none of these although they teach to love.
Fifteene volumes of changed shapes there lies,
Which were of late snatcht from my obsequies:
Bid them among their changed shapes relate,
The sad change of my fortune and estate;
For shee's unlike to what shee was before,
Once happie, now my fate I must deplore.
I have more precepts to give thee in charge,
But that my words thy staying would enlarge:
And should'st thou carry all my thoughts with thee,
A burthen to thy bearer thou would'st be.
'Tis farre, make haste, while here I live alone,
Within a land farre distant from my home.

While feare of Shipwracke all amaze;
He to the Gods devoutly prayes:
Describes the tempest and his feare,
At last the gods his prayer heare.

ELEGIE II.

YE Gods of Seas (for what remaines but praire)
Be pleas'd at last our beaten backe to spare,
Be not offended all for Cæsars sake,
One god enrag'd, some other party take.
Mars hated *Troy*, *Apollo* did defend
The *Trojans*, and faire *Venus* was their friend;
And though that *Juno Turnus* did respect,
Yet *Venus* did *Æneas* still protect;
Though *Neptune* still *Ulysses* ruine sought,
Yet him *Minerva* onto harbour brought:
And though to them we farre inferior be,
Once displeased some power may please me.
But yet alasse it is in vaine to speake,

Since on my face the angry waves doe breake:
And now the ſoutherne winds ſo cruell are,
They will not let the Gods even heare my prayer,
But coupling mischeefes, with their ruſling gales,
They take away my prayers, and drive our ſailes;
The waves like mountaines now are rowled on,
Which even ſeeme to touch the ſtarrie throane.
And by and by deepe valleys doe appeare,
As if that hell it ſelfe diſſolved were.
Nothing but ayre and water can I ſee,
And both of them doe ſeeme to threaten me;
Whiles divers winds their forces doe diſplay,
The ſea is doubtfull which he ſhould obey.
For now the winde comes from the purple Eaſt,
And ſo againe it bloweth from the Weſt.
Then Boreas flies out from the Northerne Waine,
While Southerne winds doe beate him backe againe:
Our Pilat knew not whether he ſhould ſteare,
Art failes him, loſt in his amazed feare.
Periſh we muſt, all hope of life is paſt,
And while I ſpeake the angry billowes flaſht
Into my face, and with their waves did fill
My mouth while I continued praying ſtill.
I know my wife at home doth now lament,
And grieve to thinke upon my banishment:
Yet knowes ſhee not how I am toſſed here,
And little thinkes ſhe that I am ſo neare
Vnto my death, and were ſhe heere with me,
My griefe for her a ſecond death would be.
Now though I dye, yet while that ſhe is ſafe,
I ſhall ſurvive in her my other halfe:
But now quick lightning breaketh through the Cloud,
And following Thunder roareth out aloud.
And now the waves upon the ſhip doe beate,

Like

Like bullets, and as one wave doth retreate,
Another comes that doth exceede the reſt,
And thus their furie is by turnes expreſt.
I feare not death, yet I doe greeve that I
Should here by ſhipwracke in this manner dye.
Happy is he whom ſickneſſe doth invade,
Whoſe body in the ſolid earth is laid:
And having made his will, in his grave may reſt,
Nor ſhall the fiſhes on his body feaſt.
And yet ſuppoſe my death deſerved be,
Shall all the reſt be puniſht here for me?
O yee greene gods who doe the ſea command,
Take off from us your heavy threatning hand.
And let me beare this wretched life of mine,
Vnto that place which *Ceſar* did aſſigne.
If you deſire with death to puniſh me,
My fault was jug'd not worthy death to be:
Had *Ceſar* meant to take my life away,
He neede not uſe your helpe who all doth ſway.
For if that he doe pleaſe my blood to ſpill,
My life is but a tenure at his will.
But you whom I did never yet offend,
Have pitty on me, and to mercy bend:
For though you ſave me in this great diſtreſſe,
Yet you ſhall ſee my ruine ne're the leſſe.
And if the winds and ſeas did favour me,
I ſhould no leſſe a baniſht man ſtill be.
I am not greedy, riches to obtaine,
Nor doe I plough the ſea in hope of gaine.
I goe not to *Athens*, where I once have beene
Or *Aſian* townes which I have never ſeene,
Nor unto *Alexandria* doe I goe,
To ſee how *Nilus* ſeaven ſtreames doe flow;
I wiſh a gentle wind, which may ſo ſtand,

To bring me ſafe to the Sarmatian land,
And though to the ſhoares of Pontus I am ſent,
I now complaine of tardie baniſhment:
And though to *Tomos* I am ſent away,
Yet for a ſpeedy paſſage I doe pray.
Then if you love me, calme the angry ſeas,
And gently guide our ſhip if ſo you pleaſe:
Or if you hate me, bring me to that land,
Where death even for my puniſhment may ſtand;
Then beare me hence you windes, what doe I here,
Or why doth *Italie* in ſight appeare;
Why ſtay you me whom by Cæſar ſent?
Vnto the Pontick land to baniſhment.
Which I deſerv'd, nor dare I to defend
That fault which he ſo lately hath condemn'd;
Yet if the Gods did know our ſecret thought,
There was no wicked meaning in my fault.
You know, blind errour carryed me away,
While folly did my harmeleſſe minde betray.
If to his houſe I ever bore good will,
And have obeyd *Auguſtus* pleaſure ſtill,
If I have prayed even in *Auguſtus* name,
If I have prayed even for his happy raigne,
And offer'd incenſe in *Auguſtus* name:
If ſuch my minde, then Gods from you I crave,
Some pitty, or elſe make the ſea my grave.
But ſtay, me thinks the Clouds away are blowne,
And the ſeas vanquiſht rage is overcome:
For theſe ſame Gods which I before implord,
Thoſe Gods which I conditionally implord,
Being ne're deceived, doe now their helpe afford.

When that unhappy houre was come,
That he must now depart from Rome;
He shewes how his wife and friends lament,
His then approaching banishment.

ELEGIE III.

When I remember that same fatall night,
The last that I injoy'd the Cities sight;
Wherein I left each thing to me most deare,
Then from mine eyes there slideth downe a teare,
For when the morning once drew neare that I,
By Cæsars sentence must leave *Italie*,
I had no minde to thinke upon the way,
My heavy heart did seeke out all delay,
Servants, nor yet companions did I chuse,
Nor coine, nor cloathes which banisht man might use,
I stood amaz'd like one by thunder stroke,
Who lives, yet thinkes that life hath him forsooke,
But when this cloud of sorrow was overblowne,
And all my senses were more able growne,
I bad farewell to each sad friend by name,
For now of many there did few remaine,
My wife wept, and me weeping did imbrace,
A shower of teares still raining on her face;
My daughter now was in the *Aphrick* land,
Nor of my sad fate could she understand:
Through all my house deepe grones and sighes I heare,
As if some funerall solemniz'd were.
My wife, my children, and my selfe were mourners all:
And private griefe did vent it selfe in common wise,
If humble sorrowes great examples brooke,
Such was the face of things when Troy was tooke.

It was the deepeſt ſilence of the night,
And *Luna* in her chariot ſhined bright:
When looking on the Capitols high frame,
Which joyned was unto our houſe in vaine:
You gods (quoth I) whom theſe faire ſeats enfold,
And temples which I ne're ſhall more behold:
And all yee gods of Rome whom I muſt leave;
Theſe my laſt tendered prayers to you receive;
Though wounded I the buckler uſe too late,
Let exile eaſe me of the peoples hate.
Tell *Ceſar* though I ſinn'd by ignorance,
There was no wickednes in my offence.
And as you know ſo let him know the ſame,
That ſo his wrath may be appeaſ'd againe.
With larger prayers my wife did then beſeech
The gods, untill their ſobs cut off her ſpeech.
Then falling downe with flowing haire long ſpred,
Shee kiſt the hearth whereon the fire lay dead;
And to our Penates poured forth many a word,
Which for her husband now no helpe afford,
Now growing night did haſte delay againe,
And *Arctos* now had turnd about her Waine,
And loath was I to leave my countrey ſight,
Yet this for exile was my ſentenc'd night.
If any urged my haſte I would reply,
Alaſſe conſider whither, whence I fly.
And then my ſelfe with flattery would beguile:
And thinke no houre did limit my exile.
Thrice went I forth, and thrice returning finde,
Slow paces were indulgent to my minde;
Oft having bid farewell, I ſpake againe,
And many parting kiſſes gave in vaine.
Then looking backe upon my children deare,
The ſame repeated charge I gave them there.

Why make we haſt? tis juſt to ſeeke delay,
Since I am ſent from *Rome* to *Scythia*.
For I muſt leave my children, houſe and wife,
Who while I live muſt leade a widdowes life.
And you my loving friends that preſent be,
And were like *Theſeus* faithfull unto me:
Let us imbrace, and uſe times little ſtore,
Perhaps I never ſhall imbrace you more.
And then my words to action did give place,
While I each friend did lovingly imbrace.
But while I ſpeake and teares bedew'd my eyes,
The fatall morning ſtarre began to riſe.
My heart was ſo divided therewithall,
As if my limbes would from my body fall.
So *Priam* griev'd when he too late did finde,
The *Grecian* horſe with armed men was linde.
Then ſorrow was in one lowde cry expreſt:
And every one began to knocke his breaſt:
And now my wife her armes about me caſt,
And while I wept ſhe ſpoke theſe words at laſt.
Thou ſhalt not goe alone, for I will be
Thy wife in baniſhment and follow thee:
In the ſame ſhip with thee Ile goe aboard,
And one land ſhall to us one life afford.
Thee unto exile *Cæſars* wrath commandes,
Me love, which love to me for *Cæſars* ſtands.
This ſhee repeats which ſhee had ſpoke before,
And could not be perſwaded to give ore.
Till at the laſt when I my haire had rent,
Forth like ſome living funerall I went:
And after (as I heard) when night grew on,
Being mad with griefe, ſhee threw her ſelfe along
Vpon the ground, while as her haire now lay,
Soild in the duſt: and when that ſhee did riſe,

Shee did bewaile her Gods, herſelfe and all,
And on her husbands name did often call,
Greeving as much for this my late exile,
As if ſhe ſaw me on the funerall pile;
Shee wiſhes death her ſorrowes would releeve:
Yet then againe, for my ſake ſhe would live,
And may ſhe live while I obey my fate;
And live to helpe me in this wretched ſtate.
But now the keeper of the Beare was waſht,
With waves which even to the heavens flaſht,
While we the *Ionian* ſeas now ploughing were,
Feare made us bold even in the midſt of feare.
Alaſſe, the windes the ſeas in blacke adorne,
And with the beating waves the ſand grew warme,
When ſtraight a ſea ore poope and ſterne too came;
Waſhing thoſe Gods were painted on the ſame.
And now the planckes did grone, the ropes did cracke,
As if the ſhip lamented her owne wrack.
Our maſters paleneſſe did confeſſe his feare,
And knowing not what to doe, gives ore to ſteare:
And as a man unable to reſtraine,
A headſtrong horſe doth ſlacke the bridle raine,
So he let looſe the ſailes unto the ſeas,
Leaving the ſhip to drive on where it pleaſe.
And had not *Æolus* other winds ſtraight ſent,
We had beene droven backe from whence we went,
Illiria being on our ſtarboard hand,
We came in ſight of the *Italian* land.
Ceaſe then you windes to drive us on that ſhoare,
Tis Cæſars will we ſhould goe backe no more.
Thus fearing that which I did much deſire,
The leaping waves did to the decks aſpire:
Spare me you Gods of ſeas, ſome mercy ſhow,
Let it ſuffice that *Cæſar* is my foe.

And

And let not death my weary ſoule invade,
If one already ruind may be fav'd.

Unto his friend whoſe love he found,
Conſtant when his fortune frowned:
And like a Chimney hot to be,
In the winter of adverſity.

ELEGIE IIII.

O Friend, thy love deſerves the foremoſt place,
Who pittiedſt me as if 'twere thy owne caſe:
For when I was amazed with my griefe,
Thy gentle words did yeeld me great releefe;
And didſt perſwade me ſtill to live, while I,
Wearied with ſorrow did deſire to dye.
And though by ſignes thy name I doe conceale,
Yet whom I meane thy conſcience will reveale,
And of thy true love I will mindefull be,
For I doe owe my very life to thee.
My ſoule ſhall vaniſh into empty ayre,
My body to the funerall pile repaire,
Ere I forget thy love which I did finde,
Or time doe make it ſlip out of my minde.
But may the eaſy Gods to thee incline,
And give a fortune farre unlike to mine.
Yet had my ſhip with gentle winds ſayld on,
Thy faithfull love to me had beene unknowne.
Pirithous Theſeus love could never know,
Till to the infernall waters they did goe:
And *Pylades* love had never beene expreſt,
Till *Orestes* furies him diſtreſt.
And had *Ulyſſes* ſcap'd the daring foe,

Of *Niſus* love who ſhould the ſtory know?
For as the fire the yellow gold doth try,
So love is proved by adverſitie.
While Fortune helpes us, and on us doth ſmile,
They will attend upon our wealth that while:
But if ſhee frowne, they fly, and ſcarce of any,
Shall he be knowne that had of friends ſo many:
This which before I from examples drew,
In my owne fortune now is proved true.
Since of my friends ſo few remaining be,
The reſt did love my fortune and not me.
Then let thoſe few aide me diſtreſt the more,
And bring my ſhip with ſafety to the ſhoare:
And let not any feare to be my friend,
Leaſt that his love great *Cæſars* might offend.
For faithfulneſſe in friendſhip he doth love:
And in his enemies he doth it approve.
My caſe is better, ſince that no attempt
'Gainſt him, but folly wrought my baniſhment.
Be watchfull then in my behalfe, and ſee,
If that his anger may appeaſed be.
If any wiſh I ſhould my griefes reherſe,
They are to many too be ſhew'd in verſe.
My griefes are more than ſtarrs within the skies,
Or little motes which in the duſt ariſe.
For to my ſorrowes none can credit give,
Poſterity will ſcarce the ſame beleeve.
Beſides thoſe other griefes which ought to have,
Within my ſecret thoughts a ſilent grave.
Had I voice and breſt could ne're be tyr'd,
More mouthes and tongues than ever griefe deſir'd:
Yet could not I expreſſe the ſame in words,
My griefe ſo large a theame to me affords.
You learned Poets leave off now to write,

Vlisses troubles, and my woes recite.
I suffer'd more, he wander'd many yeeres,
In comming home from *Troy* as it appeares,
We sayl'd so farre to the Sarmatian shoare,
Till we discover'd starres unknowne before.
With him a faithfull troope of Grecians went,
My friends forsooke me in my banishment.
To bring him home his happy sayles were spred,
While I even from my native country fled.
Nor doe I saile frrm *Athens*, from yonenes,
It would not greeve me so be banish'd thence:
But even from Rome which doth the gods enfold,
And from seaven hills doth all the world behold.
He had a body hardned to endure,
To labour I my selfe did ne're inure,
In the sterne warres great paines he daily tooke,
But I was still devoted to my booke,
One god opposing me, no god brought ayde,
But him *Bellona* helpt the warlike Maide.
And since that *Neptune* is than *Ioue* more lesse,
Him *Neptune*, but great *Ioue* doth me oppresse.
Besides, some fictions doe his labours grace,
Which in our griefes sad storie have no place.
And lastly though at last, his home he found,
And landed on the welcome long sought ground.
But ne're shall I my native country see,
Vntill the angry gods appeased be.

Vnto his wife whose faithfull love,
And constancie he doth approve.

ELEGIE V.

APollo Lyde never lov'd so well,
Nor did Philetas love so much excell

To

To *Battis*, as my conſtant love to thee,
Worthy a husband that might happier be:
Thou helpſt me when my fortune did decline,
So if that I am any thing, tis thine.
And none through thee, to ſpoyle me more were able,
Who wiſht to ſee me beare a ſhipwracke table,
For as the Wolfe whom hunger doth make bold,
Doth dare to ſet upon the ſhipwracht fold:
Or as the Vulture round about doth flye,
To ſee what Carkaſſe doth unburied lye:
In the like manner ſome unfaithfull hand,
Had ſeaz'd my goods, but that thou didſt withſtand,
And by friends helpe didſt fruſtrate his intent,
To whom I can no worthy thanks preſent.
This was a certaine triall of thy love,
If any tryall needs the ſame approve.
Andromaches love to *Hector* when he fell
By ſtout *Achilles*, cannot parallell,
Thine, more expreſt to me in my lad fate,
Than was *Laodamia* to her mate,
Hadſt thou beene *Homers* wife as thou art mine,
Thou ſhouldſt in fame *Penelope* out-ſhine.
Whether thou ow it thy vertues to thy ſelfe,
And liberall nature did impart this wealth;
Or elſe the example of ſome Matrons life,
Doth teach the how to be a loyall wife.
And ſo by cuſtome made the like to either;
If things unequall may compare together.
Alaſſe my verſe hath now no ſtrength to praiſe thee,
Nor to the height of thy deſerts can raiſe thee:
And if we any lively vigour had,
Through length of miſerie it is now decayd.
Elſe thy conſpicuous vertues ſhould appeare,
Mongſt women that for vertue famous were:

Yet

Yet if my verses any praise can give
Within my verse thou shalt for ever live.

Vnto his friends who did engrave
And on their Rings his image have,
Those hee wishes him to view,
In those verses which hee drew.

ELEGIA VI.

THou that my Image wearst in Rings expreſt,
Let not my browe with Ivy wreaths be dreſt:
Such enſignes happy Poets may adorne;
No Garland on my Temples muſt bee worne.
Though you conceale it, yet you know tis true,
Who on your finger doe mee often view:
And having made my counterfet in gold,
Me in my baniſhment doe ſo behold,
The ſight whereof doth make thee to let fall
Theſe words, how far is *Ovid* from us all?
I thanke your love, but tis my verſe which ſhewes
My lively picture, therefore it peruſe.
My verſe which ſings the changed ſhapes of men,
Which by my flight was left unperfect then.
Departing, theſe I with my hand at large
Into the fire with other riches caſt:
As *Theſtias* in the Brand her ſonne did ſmother,
Being a better Siſter than a mother:
So I did caſt thoſe bookes into the flame,
Which by my fault had merited no blame:
Hating my Muſe, which did my fault enbolden,
Or els becauſe my verſe ſeem'd lame and rude.
But ſince I could not ſo deſtroy them quite,
But that ſome copies yet are extant light,
How may they live, and ſtill delightfull be

Vnto the Reader put in mind of me,
Yet they with patience can be read of none,
That to the world are uncorrected ſhowne,
Snatcht from the forge before they could be fram'd,
Deprived of my laſt life-giving hand.
For praiſe I pardon crave, it ſhall ſuffice,
If Reader thou do not my Verſe deſpiſe.
Yet in the front theſe verſes placed bee,
If with thy liking it at leaſt agree:
Who meetes this Orphan Volumne poore in worth,
Within your City harborage afford
To win more favour, not by him let forth,
But raviſht from the funerall of his Lord:
This therefore which preſents its owne defect,
At pleaſure with a friendly hand correct.

To his unconſtant friend, whoſe love
He findes doth now unconſtant prove,
And like a Glow-worme ſeemes to ſhine,
But yeelds no heate in hardeſt time.

Elegia VII.

LEt Rivers now flow backe unto their Spring,
And let the Sunne from Weſt his courſe begin:
The earth ſhall now with ſhining ſtarres be fill'd,
The skies unto the furrowing plough ſhall yeeld.
The water ſhall ſend forth a ſmoaking flame,
The fire ſhall yeeld forth water backe againe.
All things ſhall go againſt old natures force,
And no part of the world ſhall keepe his courſe.
This I preſage becauſe I am deceiv'd
Of him, whoſe love moſt faithfull I beleev'd.

What made thy hollow thoughts so soone teject me,
What didst thou feare when fortune did afflict me,
That thou wouldst never comfort me at all,
Or mourne at my living funerall?
That name of friendship which should holy be,
Is not esteem'd or reckoned of by thee.
What had it beene to have seene a maim'd friend,
And with the rest some words of comfort lend?
And if no teares for me thou couldst have shed,
With fained pittie mightst have something sed.
Thou mightst have done as some who I ne're knew,
And in the common voyce have bid adew:
And lastly, while thou mightest, take the paine
To see my face ne're to be seene againe.
And mightst have then (which ne're shall more befall)
Give and receive a farewell last of all.
Which others did whom no stricke hower did blinde,
And made their yeares the witnesse of their minde.
For were not we in love joyn'd each to other,
By length of time and living both together?
My businesse and my sports were knowne to thee,
And so were thy affaires well knowne to mee.
Did not I know thee well at *Rome* of late,
Whom I for mirth-sake did associate.
Are these things vanisht into empty winde,
Drown'd in the *Lethe* of a faithlesse minde?
I do not thinke that thou wert borne at *Rome*,
(Whither alasse I never more shall come,)
But on some Rocke here in the Pontick land,
Or Scythian Mountaines that so coldly stand,
And veines of flint are everywhere dispred
In slender branches through thy Iron breast.
And sure thy Nurse some cruell Tigre was
Who gave thee sucke as thou along didst passe.

Els thou hadst made my griefe by application,
Thy owne, nor wouldst thou neede this accusation
But since to encrease the burthen of my griefe,
My first of miseries found such poore releefe,
Repaire this breach of love, that in the end
Thy now complaind of love I may commend.

Hee shewes his friend that vulgar love,
Is fortunes shadow, and doth move
With it; there does congratulate
His worth deserving better fate.

ELEGIA VIII.

MAist thou live happy even till thou dye,
Who readst this worke heere with a friendly Eye
And stay my prayers vnto the gods not false,
For thee which for my selfe did not prevaile.
While thou art fortunate thou shalt have friends,
But in adversity their friendship ends.
Thou see'st how Dovecott new-built houses come,
While as the ruind Tower all birdes doe shunne.
The empty Barnes no vermin ever haunt,
And no friend comes to him that is in want.
While the Sunne shines, our shadowes then will stay
But when o'recast it vanishes away.
So doe the people follow fortunes light,
which clouded once, they vanish out of sight.
But may these truths to thee most false still seeme,
Which by my ill chance have confirmed beene.
A great resort of friends vnto me came,
While I kept up my ruill knowne house and name.
But when it fell, my ruine they did shunne.

And

And all at once to flye from mine beginne.
Nor doe I wonder if they thunder feare,
That blasteth every thing it cometh neere:
Yet a friend constant in adversity,
Cæsar approves even in his enimy.
Nor is hee wont to bee displeas'd, to see
Those that have loved once still friends should be
Even *Thoas* when that hee *Oreſtes* knew,
Did praise that love which *Pilades* did shew;
And that *Patroclus* was *Achilles* friend,
Though in his foe brave *Hector* doth commend.
When *Theſeus* went downe with his friend to Hell,
Pluto was griev'd to see them love so well,
And *Turnus* did with teares commiserate
Eurialus and *Niſus* dismall fate.
Friendship is in an enimy approv'd;
Yet how few with these words of mine are mov'd?
For such my state of fortune now appeares,
I ought to keepe no measure in my teares.
Yet though my owne times are unfortunate,
They are made more cleere even by thy better fate.
I saw deere friend, that this to thee would come,
When a lesse wind did drive thy ship along.
If spotlesse life deserve to be esteem'd,
Noe man deserveth more to bee esteem'd.
If liberall Arts can any man advance,
Thou makst each cause good by thy eloquence:
And mov'd heerewith I did to thee presage
A glorious Sceane upon the worlds stage.
Nor thunder told me this, nor yet the sight
Of sheepes entrailes, nor birdes voice or flight:
Reason did me this augury afforde,
Whereas I saw thy mind with vertue stoard.
And now doe gratulate this my divination,

In that thy vertues have ſuch publication.
Would I had kept in darkeneſſe out of ſight,
My ſtudies, which I wiſh had ne're knowne light:
For as thy fame from eloquence doth grow,
So from my Verſe, my ruine firſt did flow.
Thou knowſt my life, and how I did abſtaine
From thoſe ſame Arts of love which I did frame:
Thou knowſt I writ it in my younger dayes,
In jeſting manner, not to merrit praiſe.
Though I dare nothing urge in my defence,
I thinke I may excuſe my late offence.
Excuſe me then, nor 'ere forſake thy friend,
But as thou haſt begun ſo alſo end.

Ovid *here his ſhip doth praiſe,*
That carried him through many Seas.

ELEGIE IX.

YEllow Minerva doth my ſhip maintaine,
Which of her painted Helmet beares the name,
For with the leaſt winde ſhee will nimbly ſayle,
And go with Oares when as the wind doth faile.
She will out-ſaile her company outright,
And fetch up any ſhip that is in ſight.
She can endure the waves which on her beate,
Yet will ſhe never open any leake.
I boarded her in the Corinthian bay,
From whence ſhe ſtoutly brought me on my way,
By *Pallas* helpe, by whom ſhe was protected,
Through many dangerous ſeas ſhe was directed:
And may ſhe now cut through the Pontick ſtrand,
And bring me ſafely to the Getick Land.

Who

Who when that she had carried me at last,
Through the Ionian seas, when we had past
Along those coasts, we stood to the left hand,
And so we came unto the Imbrian land,
Then, with a gentle winde she sailed on,
And toucht at *Samos* as she went along.
Vpon the other side there stands a wood,
Thus farre my ship did bring me through the flood,
Through the *Bistonian* fields on foote I went,
And then from *Hellespont* her course she bent:
For to *Dardania* she her course intended,
And *Lampsace* which *Priapus* defended,
So to the walles of *Cyricon* she came,
Which the *Mœonian* people first did frame.
Thence to *Constantinople* was her way,
Where as two seas do meete within one bay.
Now may my other ship with a strong gale,
Passe by the moving Hes, while she doth sayle
By the *Thynian* bay, while her course doth fall,
To come hard by *Anthias* high wall.
Then to *Messembria*, *Odessus*, and the Tower,
Which is defended by god *Bacchus* power:
And to *Megara* which did first receave,
Alcathous, who did his Country leave.
So to *Miletus* which is the place assign'd,
To which by *Cæsars* wrath I am confin'd.
Where for an offering of a greater price,
A Lambe to *Pallas* I will sacrifice.
And you two brothers that are stellify'd,
I pray that you my ship may gently guide;
One ship to *Cyanean* Hes is bound,
The other goes to the *Bistonian* ground:
And therefore grant the winde may fitly stand,
To bring them safely to a diverse land.

Vnto the Reader heere he ſhowes,
That hee this firſt booke did compoſe
In his journey, and ſo doth crave
His pardon if ſome faults it have.

ELEGIE X.

EAch letter that thou readeſt in this Booke,
I did endite, while I my journey tooke,
And while I writ the Sea did me enfold
Whild I did tremble with Decembers cold.
Or when having paſt the *Iſthmus* through the maine
We were enforced to take ſhip againe,
I thinke it did amaze the *Cyclades*:
To ſee me writing verſes on the Seas.
I wonder too that I with ſtormes, or minde,
And wanes oppreſt, could ſuch invention find:
For if that Poetry be nam'd a madneſſe
Yet it did eaſe my mind in midſt of ſadneſſe;
Now by the ſtormy kids our ſhip was beaten,
Then *Sterope* did make the Seas ſo threaten.
Arctophylax did cloud the day againe,
And *Southerne* winds did bring downe ſhowres of raine.
The Sea leakt in apace, yet then I drew
With trembling hand theſe verſes heere in view,
And now the minds did whiſtle in the ſhrowds
The waves did ſeeme to riſe up to the cloudes.
The Pilot lifting up his hands and heart
Beſought the gods for help, and left his Art;
Where ere I looke deaths ſhape behold I may,
Which maketh me at once to feare, and pray.
The Havens ſight would; but encreaſe my feares,

The

The land more fearefull than the Sea appeares
The fearefull ecchell men my thoughts doth vexe.
The frothed Seas doe make my feares freeme dou-
For that would faine deprive me of my breath,
And this would have the glory of my death.
On the left hand a barbarous nation ſtood;
Who doe delight in ſlaughter, warre, and blood:
And while the waves doe give the Sea no reſt
The Sea is not more troubled then my breſt.
So that the Reader ought to pardon theſe,
Few lines of mine if that they doe not pleaſe.
I writ them not within my garden Arbour,
Or while my bed my weary limbes did harbour;
But on our ſhip the angry waves did beate,
And the blew water did my paper wet.
Winter grew angry for to ſee me write
While he in threatning ſtormes did ſhew his might,
I yeeld to him, and may his ſtormy weather,
Heere with my verſe be ended both together.

LIB. II.

Vnto Cæſar he excuſes
Himſelfe, and condemnes his Muſes:
Affirmany Poets doth recite,
Who in their times did looſely write;
Yet in that age were never ſent,
Though like in fault, to baniſhment.

VVHat have I to doe with you my unhappy book?
On who as on my ruine I muſt look,
Why doe I returne unto my Muſe againe,
Iſt not enough one puniſhment to obtaine?
It was my verſe that firſt did overthrow me,
And made both men and women wiſh to know me.
It was my verſe that made great *Cæſar* deeme
My life to be ſuch as my verſe did ſeeme.
Amongſt my chiefeſt faults I muſt rehearſe,
My love of ſtuddy, and my looſer verſe:
In which while I my fruitleſſe labour ſpent,
I gained nothing but ſad baniſhment.
Thoſe learned Siſters I ſhould therefore hate,
Who their adorers ſtill doe ruinate.
Yet ſuch my madneſſe is, that folly armes me
To ſtrike my foore againſt that ſtore that harmes me;
Even as ſome beaten fencer after tries
To regaine honour by a ſecond prize.
Or as ſome torne ſhip that newly came
To ſhoare, yet after ſtands to Sea againe;

Perhaps

Perhaps as *Telephus* was healed by a ſword,
So that which hurt me ſhall like helpe afoord:
And that my Verſe his mov'd wrath may appeaſe,
Since verſes have great power the gods to pleaſe.
Cæſar hath bidden each *Italian* Dame,
To ſing ſome verſes to great *Opis* name:
And unto *Phœbus* when he ſet forth playes
To him, once ſeene within an age of dayes;
So may my verſe, great *Cæſars* now obtaine,
By examples to appeaſe thy wrath againe.
Iuſt is thy wrath, which I will ne're deny,
Such ſhamefull words, from my mouth do not fly:
And this offence makes me for pardon cry,
Since faults are obiects of thy clemency.
Iove would be ſoone diſarm'd, if he ſhould ſend
His thunderbolts as oft as men offend.
Now though his thunders make the world to feare,
It breakes the Clouds, and makes the ayre more cleare:
Whom therefore father of the gods we name,
Than *Iove* none greater doth the world containe.
Thou *Pater patriæ* too art call'd, then be
Like to thoſe gods in name and clemencie:
And ſo thou art, for no more moderate hand,
Could hold the raines of Empire and command.
Thy enemy once overcome in field
Thou pardonſt, which he victor would not yeeld.
And ſome thou didſt with honours dignifie,
That have attempted gainſt thy Majeſtie.
Thy warres on one day did begin and ceaſe,
While both ſides brought their offerings unto peace:
That as the Victor in the vanquiſht Foe,
The vanquiſht in the Victor gloried ſo.
My caſe is better, ſince I ne're did joyne
With thoſe who did in armes gainſt thee combine:

By Sea, by Earth, and Stygian gods I ſweare,
And by thy ſelfe whoſe God-like power I feare:
My thoughts, though wanting meanes to be expreſt;
As faithfull were as thoſe who moſt profeſt.
For I did joyne my frequent prayers with them,
That thou mighſt heere long weare thy Diadem;
And for thy ſafety made a poore expence
To pleaſe the gods with offerd franckincenſe.
Beſides, thoſe faulty bookes of mine containe
In many places thy moſt ſacred name.
And if thou wouldſt that worke of mine peruſe
Of changed ſhapes ſnatcht from my baniſht Muſe;
In it thy name ſtill mention'd thou ſhalt find,
And many things which ſhew my humble mind:
For though my hapleſſe Muſe cannot aſpire
To raiſe thy fame and glory any higher;
Yet pleas'd when we his glorious acts rehearſe,
And make him be the ſubiect of our verſe.
And when we doe the Gyants warres recite
In his owne praiſes he doth ſute delight.
Others may celebrate thy ſacred name,
And ſing thy praiſes in a fluent vaine
Though we an hundred Bulls doe ſacrifice,
The Gods the ſmalleſt guifts doe not deſpiſe.
But oh, more cruell then a foe was he
Who firſt did ſhew my wanton lines to thee,
Leaſt that my verſes which thy fame doe ſpred,
Might ſo with equall favour now be read.
Yet thou beeing angry, who durſt love profeſſe;
For I did hate my ſelfe in my diſtreſſe.
As in ſome falling houſe the heavy waight
The firſt declining poſtes oppreſſes ſtraight,
So when that fortune an eſtate doth rend
All things by their owne waight to ruine tend.

The people likewise hate me for thy bookes,
And so compose themselves unto thy lookes.
Yet I remember in my younger dayes,
My life and manners thou didst often praise:
For though unthriving honesty obtaine,
No honour, yet no crime did foyle my fame.
The defendants cause sometimes in hand I tooke;
On which the hundred Senators should looke,
And when I private matters did compound,
Each side the justice of my sentence found.
And if at last I had not thus offended
I know thou hast me formely commended:
This last destroyes me, sinkes my ship belowe,
The waves, which often did in safety goe.
Nor did some small, and little wave distresse me;
But a whole Ocean did at once oppresse me.
Alasse why have my eyes this happlesse beene
To give me knowledge of a private sinne.
Acteon did *Diana* naked spye,
And yet for this he by his hounds did dye:
Though fortune did offend in this not he;
Yet errors gainst the Gods must punisht be.
Even so that day that error me betraid,
A small, but not ignoble house decay'd;
Yet such as from antiquity hath showne,
Armes that have beene inferiour unto none:
Not wealthy, nor yet ere with wane disgrac'd;
But with the houses of the gentry plac'd,
And if my house had borne an humble name,
It had beene famous by my fluent vaine,
which though I ne'ed more lightly then becomes;
Yet all the world beareth up my name.
The learned can have *Naso* knowne, nor feare
To place him with those that renowned were,

Yet

Yet now this houſe which by my Muſe was raiſ'd,
Is by one fault of mine againe diſgrac'd:
Yet fallen ſo as it it ſelfe may reare,
If *Ceſars* wrath would once more mild appeare:
Whoſe mercy in my ſentence was expreſt,
Farre ſhort of that my feare did firſt ſuggeſt.
Whoſe anger reacht not to this life of ours,
But with great mildneſſe us'd thy Princely powers:
And thou my forfeit goods to me didſt give,
And with my life didſt grant me meanes to live.
Nor by the Senates ſentence was I ſent,
Or private judgement into baniſhment:
But didſt thy ſelfe pronounce thoſe heavy words,
Whoſe execution full revenge affords.
Beſides, thy edict forcing my exile,
I'id with great favour my late fault enſtile:
Whereby I am not baniſht, but confind,
And miſery is in gentle words aſſignd.
For there's no puniſhment though ne're ſo ſtrickt,
Can more than thy diſpleaſure me afflict.
Yet ſometimes angry gods appeaſed are,
And when the clouds are gon, the day is faire.
I have ſeene the Ealme loaden with Vines againe,
That had before beene ſtrooken by *Ioves* flame.
Therefore Ile hope, ſince thou canſt not deny,
To grant me this even in my miſery.
Thy mercy makes me hope, till I reflect
Vpon my fault, which doth all hope reject.
And as the rage of ſeas by winds incens'd,
Is not with equall fury ſtill commenc'd:
But that ſometimes a quiet calme it hath,
And ſeemes to have laid by his former wrath:
Even ſo my various thoughts doe ſometime ſtay,
Now calm'd by hope, then troubled with deſpaire.

By thoſe ſame gods that grant thee long to raigne,
That thou mayſt ſtill maintaine the Romane name:
And by thy Countrey happy in thy fate,
Where I a ſubject were of thine of late:
May ſo the City render thee due love,
For thy great acts which do thy mind approve.
So may thy *Livia* live here many yeares,
Who onely worthy of thy love appeares:
Whom nature kept for thee, elſe there had beene,
None worthy to have beene thy Royall Queene.
So may thy Sonne grow up, and with his Father,
Rule this ſame Empire happily together.
And by his acts and thine which time can't hide,
May both your ofsprings ſo be ſtellified.
May victory ſo accuſtom'd to thy Tent,
Come to his colours, and herſelfe preſent:
And fly about him with diſplayed wings,
While ſhe a Lawrell wreath to crowne him brings.
To whom thou doſt thy warres command reſigne,
And giveſt him that fortune that was thine:
While thou thy ſelfe at home in peace doſt raigne,
Thy other ſelfe doth forraine warres maintaine.
May he returne a victor o're his foe,
And on his plumed horſe in tryumph goe.
Oh ſpare me therefore, and do now lay by,
Thy thunder which hath bred my miſery.
Spare me thou *Pater patrie*, let that name,
Give me ſome hope to pleaſe thee once againe.
I ſue not to repeale my baniſhment,
Though unto greater ſutes the gods aſſent.
For if thou wouldſt ſome milder place aſſigne
Of exile, it would eaſe this griefe of minde.
For here I ſuffer even the worſt of woes,
While I do live amongſt the barbarous foes:
Being ſent unto *Danubius* ſevenfold ſtreame,

Whereas Caliſtho drives her frozen Teame,
And while the ſilver waves doe gently ſlide,
The Colchians from the Getes can ſcare divide,
And though for greater faults ſome are proſcrib'd,
Yet none in farther baniſhment abide,
Beyond this nought, but cold and foes remaine,
And Seas that are bound with an Icye chaine,
Part of the Euxine Sea which Rome commands
Runs heere, and then belowe Sarmatia ſtands,
Heere doth the ſpreading Romaine empir end
Whoſe utmoſt bounds doe hither ſcarce extend.
This makes me pray to be removed hence:
A peaceful exile granting my offence.
Nor with thoſe people may a captive bide,
Who once enrag'd the Iſter can't divide.
Beſides, a free borne Romane cannot be
By forraine hands held in captivity.
Though two faults, verſe, and error me oppreſt,
The latter ſhall in ſilence be ſupprett.
I am unworthy to renevv thy vvound,
O *Cæſar*, by which I the ſmart have found.
But of my fault they urge a ſecond part,
In that I taught loves wanton idle Art.
I ſee that humaine acts the gods deceave,
My fault is not ſuch as thou doſt beleeve:
For as great *Iove* that heaven beholding ſits,
No leaſure unto ſmall affaires admits.
So when this under orbe thou doſt orelook,
Thy royall thoughts not meaner cares doe brooke,
As that thou ſhouldſt (my liege) have ſo much leaſure
To reade my verſe fram'd with unequall meaſure.
It ſeemes the waight of the Romane name doth lye
Not on thy ſhoulders very heavily,
That thou vvouldſt daigne to marke thoſe idle lines

And

And view what I had writ at idle times.
Now thou rebelling *Hungaris* doſt tame,
While as the *Thracians* menace armes againe.
The *Armenians* ſeeking peace, the *Parthians* ſhowes
His ſpreading colours, and do bend their bowes.
Germany feeles thy valour in thy Sonne,
While *Cæſars* foes, young *Cæſar* doth o'recome.
And laſtly, through thy Empires large extention,
No part doth fall away through thy prevention.
The City and the Lawes thou doſt defend,
And by example doſt thy ſubjects mend.
Nor with thy people doſt thou live at eaſe,
When by thy warres thou ſetteſt them in peace.
'Mongſt ſuch affaires I wonder thou hadſt time,
For to peruſe thoſe idle jeſts of mine.
Or if thou readſt them with a quiet thought,
I wiſh that in my Art thou hadſt read no fault.
It was not for ſeverer judgements writ,
And for thy Princely view it was unfit.
Yet ſuch as doth not gainſt thy Lawes offend,
Or wanton rules to married wives commend,
And leaſt thou doubt to whom they written were;
In one booke of the three, theſe verſe are:
Away all you whoſe fillets bind your haire:
And you that anckle-touching garments weare:
The lawfull ſcapes of loue we here rehearſe,
That ſo there may be no fault in my verſe.
What though we baniſh from this Art all ſuch,
As the robe and fillet bids us not to touch?
Yet may the matron uſe another Art,
And draw from thence what I did ne're impart.
Let the Matron then not reade, for ſhe may finde,
Matter in all verſe to corrupt her minde.
What e're ſhe touches, ſhe that delights in ill

Of vices knowledge ſhe may learne the skill.
Let her the Annales take (though moſt ſevere)
The fault of *Ilia* will thereby appeare.
And in the Æneads reade as in the other,
How wanton *Venus* was Æneas mother.
And I will ſhew beneath in every kind,
That there's no verſe but may corrupt the mind.
Yet every booke is not for this to blame,
Since nothing profits, but may hurt againe.
Than fire what better? yet he that doth deſire,
To burne a houſe, doth arme himſelfe with fire.
Health giving phyſicke, health doth oft empaire,
Some hearbs are wholeſome, and ſome poyſon are.
The theefe and traveller ſwords weare, to the end,
Th'one may aſſault, the other may defend.
Though eloquence ſhould pleade the honeſt cauſe,
It may defend the guilty by the lawes.
So if my verſe be read with a good mind,
Thou ſhalt be ſure in it no hurt to finde.
He therefore erres who led by ſelfe conceit,
Doth miſinterpret what ſo e're I write.
Why are there Cloiſters? wherein maids do walke,
That with their Lovers they may meete and talke.
The Temple though moſt ſacred, let her ſhunne,
That with an evill mind doth thither come.
For in *Ioves* temple her thoughts will ſuggeſt,
How many maids by *Ioue* have beene oppreſt:
And thinke in *Iunoe's* temples when ſhe's praying,
How *Iuno* injur'd was by *Ioves* oft ſtraying,
And *Pallas* ſeene, ſhe thinkes ſome faulty birth,
Made her to hide *Erichthon* borne of earth:
If ſhe come to *Marſes* temple, o're the gate,
There ſtandeth *Venus* with her cunning Mate.
In *Iſis* temple ſhe revolveth how,

Poore *Io* was transform'd into a Cow.
And ſomething then her wandring fancy moves,
To thinke of *Venus* and *Anchiſes* loves.
Iaſius and *Ceres* next her thoughts encite,
And pale *Endimion* the Moones favorite:
For though theſe ſtatues were for prayer aſſign'd,
Yet every thing corrupts an evill mind.
And my firſt leafe bids them not to reade that Art,
Which I to Harlots onely did impart.
And ſince in maydens it is thought a crime,
For to preſſe farther than the Prieſts aſſigne:
Is ſhe not faulty then, who not forbeares
To reade my verſes, prohibited chaſt eares?
Matrons to view thoſe pictures are content,
Which various ſhapes of venery preſent:
And Veſtall Virgins do peruſe the ſame,
For which the Author doth receive no blame.
Yet why did I that wanton veine approve?
Why doth my Booke perſwade them unto love?
It was my fault which I do here confeſſe,
My wit and judgement did therein tranſgreſſe.
Why did not I of *Troyes* ſad ruine tell,
(That vexed the ame) which by the *Grecians* fell.
Or *Thebes* ſeven Gates which ſeverally kept,
Where by mutuall wounds thoſe brothers dye and ſlept?
An ample ſubject warlike *Rome* afforded,
Whoſe acts I might have piouſly recorded.
And though great *Cæſars* deeds abroad are knowne,
Yet by my verſe ſome part I might have ſhowne:
For as the Sunnes bright rayes do draw the ſight,
So might thy acts my willing Muſe encite.
Yet 'twas no fault to plough a little field,
Knowing that the ame doth fertile matter yeild.
For though the Cock-boate through the Lake do rowe,

She dare not venture unto ſea to goe.
This I did feare, for though my lighter vaine,
To frame ſome ſlender meaſures can attaine;
Yet had I tooke to write the Gyants warre,
That work for me had beene too heavy farre.
Thoſe happy wits of *Cæſars* acts may tell,
Whoſe high-ſtrain'd lines his acts can parralell.
And though I once attempted ſuch an act;
Me thought my verſe did from thy worth detract.
Then to my youthfull Layes I went againe,
And writ of love, under a * fained name.
The Fates did draw me gainſt my owne intent,
By writing to obtaine a baniſhment.
Why learnt I by my parents care, or why
Did tempring bookes detaine my buſie eye?
For this thou hat'ſt me, ſince thou doſt diſtruſt,
I taught by Art, how to ſollicite luſt.
When I to wives no theft of love did ſhow,
How could I teach what I did never know?
For though ſome ſmooth ſoft verſes I did frame,
No ill report could ever wound my fame.
Nor can ſome husband of the vulgar rancke,
For being made a doubtfull father, thanke
My verſe, by which my thoughts are not expreſt,
My life is modeſt though my Muſe love jeſt.
Beſides, my workes are Fictions, and do crave
Some liberty, which their Author may not have:
Nor do bookes ſhew the minde, whoſe chiefe intention
Is to delight the eare with new invention.
Should *Accius* cruell be, *Terence* delight
In bankets, and all warriors who do write
Of warres, and laſtly ſome have love layes fram'd,
Who though like faulty, yet are not like blam'd.
What did the harping old man teach in rhyme,

But

But to steepe *Venus* in the heate of wine?
And *Sappho* doth instruct mayds howto love,
Yet he nor *Sappho* no man doth reprove.
Who blames *Battiades* that abus'd his leasure?
In wanton verse to set forth his owne pleasure.
Menanders pleasant merry tales of love,
The harmelesse thoughts of virgines do approve.
What do the Iliads shew, but warres sad shape,
In the regaining an adulterous rape:
And how *Achilles Chryses* love enflam'd,
And how the *Grecians Hellen* backe regain'd.
The *Odysses* shew how in a wooing strife,
Those sutors vainely sought *Ulysses* wife.
And *Homer* tels how *Mars* and *Venus* ty'd,
In close embraces, by the gods were spy'd.
Whom but from *Homer* could we ever know,
How two faire Ladies lov'd a stranger so?
The Tragedies in statelinesse excell;
Yet those, of loves affaires do often tell.
Hyppolitus was loved of his mother,
And faire *Canace* did affect her brother.
When *Menelaus Hellen* bore away,
Cupid did drive the Chariot on that day.
When in the childrens blood the mother dyes
The sword this act from franticke love did rise.
Love to *Lapwing* chang'd the *Thracian* King,
And fitted *Progne* with a Swallowes wing.
And 'twas a brother love that did affright
The Sunne, and made him for to hide his light.
Never should *Scylla* on the stage appeare,
But that love made her clip her fathers haire,
And who so reades *Orestes* franticke feares,
Of murthered *Pyrrhus* and *Ægisthus* heares.
What name I him did the *Chimera* tame?

Whoſe treacherous Hoſteſſe ſought his life in vaine.
What of *Hermione* or the *Arcadian* maid,
Phœbe whoſe courſe the *Latmian* Lover ſtaid.
Or what of *Danae*, by *Iove* a mother growne,
And *Hercules* got in two nights joynd in one.
To theſe adde *Iole*, *Pyrrhus*, and that boy,
Sweete *Hylas*, with *Paris*, firebrand unto *Troy*.
And ſhould I here recite loves tragicke flames,
My booke would ſcarce containe their very names.
Thus Tragedies to wanton laughter bend,
And many ſhamefull words in them they blend.
Some blameleſſe have *Achilles* acts defac't,
And by ſoft meaſures have his deeds diſgrac't.
Though *Ariſtides* his owne faults compil'd,
Yet *Ariſtides* was not ſtraight exil'd.
Eubius did write an impure hiſtory,
And does deſcribe unwholeſome venerie:
Nor he that Sybarin luxuries compoſed,
Nor he that his owne ſinfull acts diſcloſed.
Theſe in the libraries by ſome bounteous hand,
To publike uſe doe there devoted ſtand.
By ſtrangers pens I neede not ſeeke defence,
Our owne bookes with ſuch liberty diſpence:
For though grave *Ennius* of warres tumults writ,
Whoſe artleſſe workes doe ſhew an able wit:
The cauſe of fire *Lucretius* doth explaine,
And how three cauſes did this world frame:
Wanton *Catullus* yet his Muſe did taske,
To praiſe his miſtris, whom he then did maske.
Vnder the name of *Lesbia*, and ſo ſtrove,
In verſe to publiſh his owne wanton love.
And with like licence *Calvus* too aſſaies,
For to ſet forth his pleaſure divers wayes,
Why ſhould I mention *Memmons* wanton vaine?

Who to each filthy act doth give a name;
And *Cinna* ſtriving by his verſe to pleaſe:
Cornificius may be well ranket with theſe,
And he that did commend to after fame,
His love diſguiſed by *Metellus* name.
And he that ſailed for the Fleece of gold,
His ſecret theſts of love doth oft unfold.
Hortenſius tóo, and *Servius* writ as bad,
Who'd thinke my fault ſo great examples had?
Siſenna, *Ariſtides* workes tranſlates,
And oft in wanton jeſts expatiates.
For praiſing *Lycoris* none doth *Gallus* blame,
If that his tongue in wine he could containe.
Tibullus writes that womens oathes are wind,
Who can with outward ſhewes their husbands blind:
Teaching them how their keepers to beguile,
While he himſelfe is coſen'd by that wile.
That he would take occaſion for to try
Her ring, that he might touch her hand thereby.
By private tokens he would talke ſometime,
And on the table draw a wanton ſigne:
Teaching what oyles that blewneſſe ſhall expell,
Which by much kiſſing on their lips doth dwell.
And unto husbands does ſtricke rules commend,
If they be honeſt, wives will not offend.
And when the dog doth barke, to know before,
That 'tis their Lover that ſtands at the doore.
And many notes of love-theſts he doth leave,
And teacheth wives their husbands to deceave.
Yet is *Tibullus* read and famous growne,
And unto thee (great *Ceſar*) he was knowne.
And though *Propertius* did like precepts give,
Yet his cleere fame doth ſtill unſtained live.
To theſe did I ſucceede, for Ile ſuppreſſe,

Their names who live and faulty are no leſſe.
I feard not where ſo many ſhips had paſt,
That my poore Barke ſhould ſhipwrackt be at laſt:
For ſome do ſhew the Art to play at Dice,
Which was in former times eſteem'd a vice:
And how to make the Dice ſtill higher runne,
And ſo the little looſing Act to ſhunne:
Or how to caſt and ſtrike a Dye againe,
To runne that chance which any one ſhall name:
And how at Drafts a crowned King to make,
And play your man where none the ſame can take:
To know to chaſe, and to retire, and then
In flying how to backe your man agen.
And ſome the game of three-ſtones likewiſe ſhow,
Where he does win that brings them on a row.
Others in ſundry games like paines do take,
Wherein we looſe our time to winne a ſtake.
And ſome of Tennis-play do alſo ſing,
And do inſtruct us how by Art to ſwim.
Here one the ſecrets of face-drugs diſcloſes,
Another lawes of crowned feaſts compoſes.
And the beſt day he likewiſe doth aſſigne,
And what Cups do become the ſparkling wine.
And in December merry rhymes are ſung,
By which the winter doth ſuſtaine no wrong.
So I to write ſome merry verſes meant,
Which ſtraight were puniſht with ſad baniſhment.
Of all theſe former writers there was none,
Whoſe Muſe did ruine him, but I alone.
If I had jeſted in ſome mimmicke vaine,
Which wanton Scenes of love do ſtill containe:
In which the Lover does come forth to wooe,
And wanton wives do cheate their husbands too:
Yet theſe, Maids, Matrons, and old men delight,

And

And 'fore the Senate Acted are by night:
Whose wanton language doth the eare prophane,
Making loose offers at those acts of shame.
When Husbands are beguil'd by pretty wayes,
They applaud the Poet, and do give him Bayes:
He gaines by being punisht for his crymes,
And makes the Prætor pay more for his lines.
And when (great *Cæsar*) thou dost set forth playes,
The Poet's paid that did the plot first raise:
Which thou beholdst, and hast set out to view,
Whereby thou dost thy gracious mildnesse shew.
And with those eyes which make the world to feare,
Thou sawst the Scenes of love that acted were.
If Mimmicks may write in a wanton straine,
Why should my verse such punishment obtaine?
Are they by licence of the stage protected?
Which makes the mimmicks bawdy jests neglected.
My Poems too have made the people rise,
To helpe attention with their greedy eyes.
Though in your house the lively pictures stand,
Of Noblemen drawne by the Painters hand:
Yet have you wanton tables hanging by,
Which shew the diverse shapes of venery.
Though you have *Ajax* picture full of ire;
And fierce *Medea*, with her eyes like fire:
Yet *Venus* seemes to dry her moystned haire,
As if from sea she newly did repaire.
Let others of warres bloody tumults write,
And of thy acts which learned pens invite:
Nature hath scanted me, and doth restraine
To meaner subjects this my humble vaine.
Yet *Virgill* who is read with much delight,
Doth of the acts of brave *Æneas* write:
And no part is with greater favour read,

Than

Than where he brings him to Queene *Dido's* bed.
Yet in his youth he did commend faire *Phillis*,
And ſports himſelfe in praiſing *Amarillis*.
And though I formerly in that ſame vaine
Offended, yet I now do beare the blame.
I had writ verſes, when before thee I,
Amongſt the other horſemen paſſed by:
And now my age doth even beare the blame,
Of thoſe things which my younger yeeres did frame.
My fauley bookes are now reveng'd at laſt,
And I am puniſht for a fault that's paſt.
Yet all my workes are not ſo light and vaine,
Sometimes I lanch'd into the deeper maine.
And in ſix bookes *Romes* Holydayes have ſhew'd,
Where with the Month each Volumne doth conclude.
And to thy ſacred name did dedicate
That worke, though left unperfect by my fate.
Beſides, I ſtately Tragedies have writ,
And with high words the Tragicke ſtile did fit.
Beſides, of changed ſhapes my Muſe did chant,
Though they my laſt life-giving hand did want.
And would thy anger were but ſo appeas'd,
As that to reade my verſe thou wouldſt be pleas'd:
My verſe, where from the infant birth of things,
My Muſe her worke unto thy owne time brings.
Thou ſhouldſt behold the ſtrength of every line,
Wherein I ſtrive to praiſe both thee and thine.
Nor are my verſes mingled ſo with gall,
As that my lines ſhould be Satyricall.
Amongſt the vulgar people none yet found,
Themſelves once touch't; my Muſe my ſelfe doth wound.
Therefore each generous mind I do beleeve,
Will not rejoyce, but at my ill fate grieve:
Nor yet will triumph o're my wretched ſtate,

Who ne're was proud even in my better fate.
O therefore let theſe reaſons change thy minde,
That in diſtreſſe I may thy favour finde:
Not to returne, though that perhaps may be,
When thou in time at laſt maiſt pardon me.
But I intreat thee to remove me hence,
To ſafer exile fitting my offence.

LIB. III.

The Booke doth to the Reader ſhew,
That he is loath to come to view:
And tells how he was entertaind
By ſome, while others him diſdaind.

I Am that Booke who fearefully doe come,
Even from a baniſht man to viſit Rome:
And comming weary from a forraigne land,
Good Reader let me reſt within thy hand.
Doe not thou feare or be aſham'd of me,
Since no love verſes in this paper be.
My maſter now by fortune is oppreſt,
It is no time for him to write in jeſt.
Though in his youth he had a wanton vaine,
Yet now he doth condemne that worke againe.
Behold! here's nothing but ſad mourning lines,
So that my verſe agreeth with his times.
And that my ſecond verſe is lame in ſtrength,
Short feet do cauſe it, or the journeys length.
Nor are my rough leaves cover'd o're with yellow,
For I my Authors fortune meane to follow.

And

And though ſome blots my clearer letters ſtaine,
Know that my Authors teares did make the ſame.
If thou my language ſcarcely underſtand,
Know that he writ me in a barbarous land.
Therefore good Reader teach me where to goe,
Some place of reſt unto a ſtrange Booke ſhow.
This having ſaid with words which griefe made ſlow,
One ready was the way to me to ſhow.
I thankt him, and did pray the gods that he,
Might like my maſter, never baniſht be.
Leade on, and I will follow by thy hand,
Though I am tyr'd with paſſing ſea and land.
He did conſent, and as we went, quoth he,
This is the holy ſtreete which thou doſt ſee.
Here's *Veſtaes* Temple that keepes holy fire,
Here *Numa's* lofty pallace doth aſpire:
Here is *Evanders* gate, and now you come,
Vnto that place where they firſt builded *Rome.*
And then quoth I, this is the houſe of *Iove,*
This oaken crowne doth my conjecture prove.
He told me it was *Cæſars*: nay then, quoth I,
I ſee great *Iove* dwels here in Majeſty,
Yet why does Bayes upon the gates appeare?
And thus incircle *Cæſars* ſtatue here?
Is it becauſe his houſe doth merrit praiſe?
And is beloved of the god of Bayes.
Or doth it now denote a feſtivall?
In token of that peace he gives to all.
Or as the Lawrell evermore is greene,
So ſtill his houſe moſt flouriſhing hath beene.
Or do thoſe letters on the wreath engrav'd,
Shew that the City by his power was ſav'd.
Oh *Cæſar* ſave one Cittizen at laſt,
Who now into the utmoſt world is caſt.

Where

Where he ſad puniſhment doth ſtill ſuſtaine,
Which he by error onely did obtaine.
Alaſſe while I view *Cæſars* pallace here,
My letters ſeeme to quake with trembling feare.
Doſt thou not ſee my paper does looke pale,
And how my trembling feete begin to faile?
I pray that this ſame houſe which now I ſee,
May to my maſter reconciled bee.
From thence we to *Apollos* temple went,
To which by ſteps there is a faire aſcent:
Where ſtand the ſignes in faire outlandiſh ſtone,
Of *Belus* and of *Palamned* the ſonne.
There ancient bookes, and thoſe that are more new,
Do all lye open to the Readers view.
I ſought my bretheren there, excepting them,
Thoſe hapleſſe birth my father doth condemne.
And as I ſought, the cheeſe man of that place,
Bid me be gon out of that holy ſpace.
I went to Temples to the Theater joyn'd,
But here no entertainement could I find.
Nor could I come unto the outward yard,
Which unto learned bookes is not debard,
We are heires unto misfortune by deſcent,
And we his children ſuffer baniſhment.
Perhaps when time doth *Cæſars* wrath ſubdue,
He will to him and us ſome favour ſhew.
Since for the peoples helpe I do not care,
O *Cæſar* hearken to my earneſt prayer.
Since publike ſtalls are unto me deny'd,
In ſome private corner I my ſelfe may hide.
And you *Plebeians* take in hand againe,
My verſes which you once repuls't with ſhame.

In Swan-like Tunes he doth deplore
His exile, and knocks at the dore
Of Death, deſiring haſty fate,
His wretched life would terminate.

ELEGIE II.

WAs it my fate that I ſhould *Scythia* ſee,
And the land whoſe Zenith is the Axeltree?
And would not you ſweet Muſes nor *Apollo*,
Helpe me, who did your holy rites ſtill follow?
Could not my harmeleſſe verſes me excuſe,
And life more ſerious than my jeſting Muſe?
But that I muſt when I the ſeas had paſt,
Vnto the Ponticke land be brought at laſt.
And I that ſtill my ſelfe from care withdrew,
Loving ſoft eaſe, and no rough labour knew:
Having paſt great dangers both by ſea and land,
Here worſt of miſeries is by me ſuſtain'd.
Yet I endure theſe evils, for I find,
My body doth receive ſtrength from my mind:
And in my paſſage to my ſad exile,
I with my ſtudy did my cares beguile.
But when I did my journeys end attaine,
And that unto the hated ſhore I came.
Then from mine eyes a ſhowre of teares did flow,
Like water running from the melted ſnow.
And then my houſe and *Rome* comes in my mind,
And every thing that I had left behind.
Alaſſe that I ſhould knocke ſtill at the Grave,
To be let in, yet can no entrance have.

Why

Why have I ſtill eſcaped from the ſword,
Could not the Sea to me a death afford?
You gods who conſtant are in your juſt ire,
And doe with *Ceſar* in revenge conſpire,
I do beſeech you haſten on my fate,
And bid death open unto me the gate.

He lets his wife here underſtand,
Of his ſickneſſe in a forraine land:
Then writes his Epitaph, with intent,
To make his bookes his monument.

Elegie III.

THat this my Letter by a ſtrangers hand
Is writ, the cauſe my ſickneſſe underſtand.
For in the worlds fartheſt part I lye,
Sicke and uncertaine of recovery.
What comfort can within that climate ſhine,
On which the Getes and Sauramats confine?
My nature does not with the ſoyle agree,
The ayre and water do ſeeme ſtrange to me.
My ſhelter poore, my dyet here is bad,
No health-reſtoring Phyſicke can be had.
No friend to comfort me, who will aſſay,
With ſome diſcourſe to paſſe the time away.
But here upon my bed of ſickneſſe caſt,
I thinke of many things which now are paſt.
And thou my deareſt wife above the reſt,
Moſt hold the chiefeſt place within my breſt:
Thy abſent name is mentioned ſtill by me,
And every day and night I thinke on thee.

Some-

Sometimes I ſpeake things without ſence or wit,
That I may name thee in my franticke fit.
If I ſhould ſwound, and that no heating wine,
Could give life to this faultring tongue of mine:
To heare of thy approach would make me live,
Thy very preſence would new vigor give.
Thus I moſt doubtfull of my life am growne,
But thou perhaps liveſt merrily at home.
No, I dare ſay, that thou my deereſt wife,
Doſt in my abſence leade a mourning life.
Yet if the number of my yeares be done,
And that my haſty thred of life is ſpun:
You gods you might with eaſe have let me have,
Within my native land a happy grave.
If that you would have let my death prevent
My fatall journey unto baniſhment;
Then had I dy'd in my integrity,
But now I here a baniſht man muſt dye.
And ſhall I here reſigne my weary breath,
The place makes me unhappy in my death.
Vpon my bed I ſhall not fall aſleepe,
And none upon my coffin here ſhall weepe.
Nor ſhall my wives teares while that they do fall
Vpon my face, me unto life recall.
I ſhall not make my will, nor with ſad eyes,
No friendly hand ſhall cloſe my dying eyes.
Without a Tombe or Funerall I ſhall be,
While as the barbarous earth doth cover me.
Which when thou hearſt, be not with griefe oppreſt,
Nor do not thou for ſorrow beate thy breſt.
Why ſhouldſt thou wring thy tender hands in vaine,
Or call upon thy wretched husbands name?
Teare not thy cheekes, nor cut thy haire for mee,
For I am not (good wife) now tooke from thee.

When

When I was baniſht then I dy'd, alaſſe,
For baniſhment than death more heavy was.
Now I would have thee to rejoyce (good wife)
Since all my griefe is ended with my life.
And beare thy ſorrowes with a valiant heart:
Miſhaps have taught thee how to play thy part.
And with my body may my ſoule expire,
That ſo no part may ſcape the greedy fire.
For if to *Pythagoras* we may credit give,
Who ſaith the ſoule eternally doth live:
My ſoule mongſt the Sarmatick ſhades ſhall ſtray,
And to the cruell ghoſts ne're find the way.
Yet let my aſhes be put in an Vrne,
So being dead I ſhall againe returne.
This lawfull is, the *Theban* being dead,
His loving ſiſter ſaw him buried.
And let ſweet powders round my bones be laid,
And ſo unto ſome ſecret place convai'd:
Graving theſe verſes on a Marble ſtone,
In letters to be read by every one.
" *I* Ovid *that did write of wanton love,*
" *Lye here, my verſe my overthrow did prove.*
" *Thou that haſt beene in love and paſſeſt by,*
" *Pray ſtill that Ovids bones may ſafely lye.*
This Epitaph ſhall ſuffice, ſince my bookes be,
A farre more laſting monument to me.
Which though they hurt me, yet ſhall raiſe my name,
And give their Author everlaſting fame.
Yet let thy love in funerall guiſts be ſhew'd,
And bring ſweete Garlands with thy teares be-dew'd.
Thoſe aſhes which the funerall fire ſhall leave,
Will in their Vrne thy pious love perceive.
More would I write, but that my voyce is ſpent,
Nor can my dry tongue ſpeake what I invent.

Then take my laſt words to thee; live in health,
Which though I ſend to thee, I want my ſelfe.

Ovid doth his friend adviſe,
A life of greatneſſe to deſpiſe:
Since thunder doth the hill aſſaile,
While quiet peace lives in the vale.

Elegie IIII.

MY alwayes deareſt friend, but then moſt knowne,
When I by adverſe fortune was orethrowne:
If thou wilt take the counſell of a friend,
Live to thy ſelfe, doe not too high aſcend.
Since thunder from the higheſt tower doth come;
Live to thy ſelffe and glittering titles ſhunne.
For though the beames of greatneſſe may us warme,
Yet greateſt men have greateſt power to harme.
The naked ſayle-yard feares no ſtormes at all,
And greateſt Sayles more dangerous are than ſmall:
The floting corke upon the waves doth ſwimme,
While heavy Lead doth ſinke the Net therein.
Of theſe things had ſome friend admoniſht me,
Perhaps I had beene ſtill at *Rome* with thee.
While as a gentle wind did drive me on,
My boate through quiet ſtreames did run along,
Hee that by chance doth fall upon the plaine,
He falleth ſo that he may riſe againe.
But when *Elpenor* from a high houſe fell,
His ghoſt went downe to *Pluto* king of hell.
Though *Dedalus* his wings did him ſuſtaine,
Yet falling *Icarus* gave the ſea his name;

Becauſe

Becauſe that he flew high, the other low,
While both of them their wings abroad did throw:
The man that unto ſolitude is bent,
Doth live moſt happy if he be content.
Eumenes of his ſonne was not deprived,
Vntill that he *Achilles* horſes guided,
And *Phaethon* had not dyed in the flame,
If that his father could his will reſtraine.
Then feare thou ſtill to take the higher way,
And in thy courſe draw in thy ſayles I pray.
Thou worthy art to live moſt fortunate,
And to enjoy a candide happy fate.
Thy gentle love deſerves theſe prayers of mine,
Since thou didſt cleave to me in every time:
I ſaw how that thy griefe for me was ſhowne,
Even in thy lookes moſt like unto my owne.
I ſaw thy teares which on my face did fall,
And with my teares I drunke thy words withall.
Now to thy abſent friend thou yeeld'ſt releefe,
Thereby to lighten this my heavy greefe:
Live thou unenvy'd, honour crowne thy end,
For thou art worthy of a noble friend,
And love thy *Ovids* name which cannot be,
Baniſht though *Scythia* now containeth me:
For me a land neare to the Beare doth hold,
Whereas the earth is frozen up with cold.
Heere *Boſphorus* and *Tanais* doe remaine,
And places which have ſcarcely any name.
Vnhabitable cold doth dwell beyond,
For I am neare unto the fartheſt land.
My countrey and my wife are abſent farre,
And with them two all things that deareſt are.
Yet though with them I cannot preſent be,
Within my fancie I their ſhape doe ſee.

My houſe, the City ſtand before my eyes,
And all my actions in their place do riſe.
My wives deere Image doth it ſelfe preſent,
Which doth encreaſe and lighten diſcontent.
Her abſence grieveth me, but then againe,
My comfort is, ſhe conſtant doth remaine.
And you my friends do cleave into my breſt,
Whoſe names I wiſh by me might be expreſt.
But wary feare doth my deſire reſtraine,
And you I thinke do even wiſh the ſame.
For though that heretofore you pleaſed were,
When as your names did in my verſe appeare:
Yet now Ile talke with you within my breſt,
Nor ſhall your feares by my verſe be encreaſt.
Nor ſhall my verſe diſcloſe a ſecret friend,
Love ſecretly, and love me to the end:
And know though we by abſence be diſjoynd,
Yet you are alwayes preſent in my mind.
Then ſtrive to eaſe thoſe griefes which I ſuſtaine,
And lend your hand to helpe me up againe.
So may your fortune proſperous remaine,
And never have juſt cauſe to aske the ſame.

By a fained name he doth commend.
One Carus *that had beene his friend:*
And then doth mittigate his fault,
Since error him to ruine brought.

ELEGIE V.

MY uſe of friendſhip with thee was but ſmall,
And if thou wilt, thou maiſt ſay none at all:

But

But that thy love moſt faithfull I did finde,
When as my ſhip ſayl'd with a proſpetous winde,
When once I fell, then all did ſhun my wracke,
And all my friends on me did turne their backe.
Yet thou when I was ſtrooken with *Ioues* flame,
Didſt viſite me and to my houſe then came:
And in thy freſh acquaintance thou didſt ſhow,
More love than all my ancient friends would doe.
I ſaw thy amazed countnance at that time,
Thy face bedewed with teares more pale than mine.
And ſeeing teares to fall at each word, my eares
Did drinke thy words, my mouth did drinke thy teares:
Thou didſt embrace my necke, and then betwixt
Some loving kiſſes with thy ſighes were mixt.
Now abſent thou defendeſt me againe,
Thou knoweſt that *Carus* is a fained name:
And many tokens of thy love appeare,
Which I in memory will ever beare.
The gods ſtill make thee able to defend
Thy friends unto a farre more happy end.
To know how I doe live if thou require,
As it is likely that thou doſt deſire:
I have ſome hope, which do not take from me,
That thoſe offended powers will pleaſed be.
Which being vaine, or if it may befall,
Do thou allow my hope though it be ſmall.
Beſtow thy eloquence upon that theame,
To ſhew it may fall out as I do meane.
The greateſt men are placable in wrath,
A generous mind a gentle anger hath.
When Beaſts unto the Lyon proſtrate lye,
He ends the combat with his enemy.
But Wolves and Beares their yeelding foes do kill,
And the inferior beaſts are cruell ſtill.

Who like *Achilles*? yet even he appeares,
To be much mov'd with *Dardanus* ſad teares.
Emathions clemency is beſt declar'd,
Even by thoſe funerall rites which he prepar'd.
And that I may not mans calm'd anger ſhow,
Even *Iuno's* ſonne in law was once her foe.
Laſtly, I needs muſt hope, ſince at this time,
I am not puniſht for a haynous cryme.
I did not plot againſt great *Ceſars* life,
To ruine him by ſowing civill ſtrife:
I never yet did rayle againſt the time,
Or ſpake againſt him in my cups of wine:
But am puniſht for beholding of a fault,
Which I through ignorance beheld, unſought.
Yet all my fault I cannot well defend,
Though in part thereof I did no ill intend.
So that I hope that he will pleaſed be,
To grant an eaſier baniſhment to me.
I wiſh the morning ſtarre that brings the day,
Would bring this newes and quickly poſt away.

His friends fidelity he doth praiſe,
And to excuſe himſelfe aſſayes:
Deſiring if he have any grace
At Rome, *to uſe it in his caſe.*

ELEGIE VI.

OVr league of friendſhip thou wilt not conceale,
Or if thou wouldſt, it would it ſelfe reveale.
[illegible]while we might, none was more deare to me,
[illegible]o knowv I was belov'd of thee.

And

And this our love was to the people knowne,
So that our love more than our ſelves was knowne:
The candor of thy minde is eaſily ſeene,
Of him who for thy friend thou doſt eſteeme.
Thou nothing from my knowledge didſt conceale,
And I my ſecrets did to thee reveale:
For all my heart and ſecrets thou didſt know,
Except that which wrought my overthrow.
Which hadſt thou knowne, thou wouldſt have counſeld me
So well that I ſhould never baniſht be.
But 'twas my fate drew on my puniſhment,
And croſſed me in any good intent.
Yet whether that I might this evill ſhunne,
And reaſon cannot fortune overcome:
Yet thou to me my old acquaintance art,
And of my love thou holdſt the greateſt part.
Be mindfull then, and if thou gracious be
At Court, then try what thou canſt do for me.
That *Cæſar* being unto mildneſſe bent,
May change the place of my ſad puniſhment:
Even as I did no wickedneſſe deviſe,
Since that my fault from error did ariſe.
It would be tedious, nor ſafe to unfold,
By what chance theſe eyes did that act behold.
Such ſhamefull deeds as do the eare affright,
Should be concealed in eternall night.
I muſt confeſſe therefore my former fault,
Yet no reward by my offence I ſought:
And for my fault I may my folly blame,
If to my fault thou wilt give a true name.
If this be falſe, then further baniſh me,
Theſe places like unto *Romes* Suburbs be.

The Letter here he doth command,
To fly vnto Perhillus hand:
And ſheweth that the Muſes give
Immortall fame which ſtill ſhall live.

ELEGIE VIII.

GOe thou my letter being writ ſo faſt,
And to ſalute *Perhilla* make thou haſt:
To ſit hard by her mother ſhee ſtill uſes,
Or elſe to be amongſt her bookes and Muſes:
What ere ſhee does, when ſhee knowes thou art come,
Sheele aske thee how I doe that am undone?
Tell her I live, but wiſh I did not ſo,
Since length of time can never eaſe my woe.
Yet to my Muſe I now returned am,
Making my words in verſe to flow againe:
And aske her why ſhee doth her minde apply,
To common ſtuddies not ſweet Poeſy.
Since nature firſt did make thee chaſte and faire,
Giving thee wit with other things moſt rare.
I firſt to thee the Muſes ſpring did ſhow,
Leaſt that ſweet water ſhould at waſte ſtil flow.
For in thy virgin yeares thy wit I ſpy'd,
And was as 'twere thy father and thy guide.
Then if thoſe fires ſtill in thy breſt doe dwell,
There's none but *Lesbia* that can thee excell:
But I doe feare that ſince I am orethrowne,
That now thy breſt is dull and heavy growne:
For while we might we both did reade our lines,
I was thy judge and maſter oftentimes.

And

And to thy verſe I an eare would lend,
And make thee bluſh, when thou didſt make an end.
And yet perhaps it may be thou doſt ſhunne,
All bookes becauſe my ruine thence did come:
Feare not *Perhilla*, but all feare remove,
So that thy writings doe not teach to love:
Then learned maide no cauſe of ſlouth ſtill frame,
But to thy ſacred art returne againe.
That comely face will ſoone be ſpoild with yeares,
While aged wrinckles in thy brow appeares.
Old age will lay hold on thy outward grace,
Which commeth on ſtill with a ſilent pace.
To have beene faire it will a griefe then be,
And thou wilt thinke thy glaſſe doth flatter thee.
Thy wealth is ſmall, though thou deſerveſt more,
But yet ſuppoſe thou hadſt of wealth great ſtore:
Yet fortune when ſhee liſts doth give and take,
And of rich *Cræſus* ſhe can *Iros* make.
All things are ſubject to mortality,
Except the minde and ingenuity.
For though I want my countrey, friends, and home,
And all things tooke from me that could be gon:
Yet ſtill my Muſes doe with me remaine,
And *Cæſar* cannot take away my vaine:
Who though he ſhould me of my life deprive,
Yet ſhall my fame when I am dead ſurvive.
While Rome on ſeven hills doth ſtand in ſight,
My workes ſhall ſtill be read with much delight:
Then of thy ſtuddie make this happie uſe,
To ſhunne the power of death even by thy muſe.

His countrey he deſires to ſee,
If Cæſar would ſo pleaſed be.

Then mournfully he doth complaine,
And ſhewes what griefe he doth ſuſtaine.

ELEGIE. VIII.

I Wiſh I could *Triptolemus* waine aſcend,
Who firſt did ſeede unto the earth commend:
Or guide *Medea's* Dragons through the ayre,
With which ſhe once from *Corinth* did repaire:
I wiſh that I had *Perſeus* wings to flie,
Or *Dedalus* his wings to cut the skie:
That while the ayre did yeeld unto my flight,
I might enjoy againe my Countryes ſight:
And ſee my poore forſaken houſe againe,
My wife, and theſe few friends that do remaine.
But why doſt thou ſo fooliſhly require,
When thou canſt ne're attaine to thy deſire?
In ſtead of wiſhes, unto *Cæſar* ſend,
And ſtrive to pleaſe him whom thou didſt offend.
If he repeale thy baniſhment, his word,
Can give thee wings to fly like to a birde.
Perhaps when once his wrath doth milder grow,
He to my ſute will then ſome favour ſhow:
And I beſeech him now in the meane time,
Some eaſier place of exile to aſſigne.
This ayre and clymate both contrary be,
Continuall ſickneſſe ſtazeth here on me.
Either my ſicke mind makes my body ill,
Or elſe the ayre doth ſome diſeaſe inſtill.
Since I to *Pontus* came, each night I dreame,
I do diſtaſt my meate, my limbs grow leane.
Like that pale colour which in leaves is ſeene,
When they by Autumns froſt have nipped beene:
So do I looke being pin'd away with griefes,
Having no friend to yeeld me ſome releefe.

For I am ſicke in body and in minde,
In both of which I equall paine doe finde.
Me thinkes my fortune ſtands before my eyes,
In a ſad ſhape repleat with miſeries.
When I behold the people and the place,
Comparing paſtime with my preſent caſe:
Then I am willing to reſigne my breath,
Wiſhing I had beene puniſhed with death:
But yet ſince that he was more milder bent,
Let him now grant me milder baniſhment.

Ovid briefely doth explaine,
How Tomes firſt didget that name.

ELEGIE IX.

ARe here ſome Citties (who can it beleeve)
That from the Greekes did firſt their names receive?
While husbandmen even from Miletus came,
And mongſt the Getes did grecian houſes frame.
Yet this ſame place doth anciently retaine,
Still from *Abſyrtus* murder this ſame name:
For in that ſhip which *Pallas* name did beare,
And in thoſe unknowne Seas her courſe did ſteare,
While fierce *Medea* from her father fled,
Vnto theſe ſhoares her fatall ſayles ſhee ſpread:
Which from a hill one veiwing on the land,
Cryes out, *Medeas* ſayles doe hither ſtand.
The *Mynie* trembled, and without delay,
Vntie their ropes and all their anchors waigh:
While that *Medea* ſtrooke her guilty breaſt,
With that ſame hand which had in blood beene dreſt.

And

And though her former courage did remaine,
Yet ſtill her blood in paleneſſe went and came.
But when ſhe ſaw the ſayles, we are betray'd
Quoth ſhe, my fathers courſe muſt be delayd
By ſome new Art: while thus ſhe doth deviſe,
By fatall chance her brother ſhe eſpies.
And having ſpy'd him, now quoth ſhe tis done,
For from his death my ſafety now ſhall come.
And with a ſword ſhe ran him through the ſide,
Who little thought by her hand to have dy'd.
Then teares his Limbes in peeces, and on the ground,
She ſcatters them, that ſo they may be found
In many places: and that her father may
Not paſſe by it, ſhe places in the way
His bleeding head, and both his pale cold hands,
Which ſet upon a rocke before him ſtands.
And while that horrid ſight did ſtop her father,
He ſtayd his courſe thoſe ſcatterd limbes to gather.
Whence *Tomos* got that name, becauſe that here,
Medea firſt her brothers limbes did teare.

Ovid *lively doth deſcribe,*
The Countrey where he doth abide:
Which in this ſhort mappe you may view,
Which he in banniſhment then drew.

ELEGIE X.

IF any yet do thinke of *Naſoes* name,
Which yet within the City doth remaine:
Know that I live within a barbarous land,
Which neere unto the Northerne pole doth ſtand.

The *Sauromates* and *Getes* do hemme me in,
Whose ruder names my verse do not beseeme.
While the ayre is warme, we then defended are,
By *Ister* whose faire streame keepes backe the warre:
But when that *Boreas* once doth fly abroade,
Those Countryes he with heavy snow doth loade.
Nor doth the snow dissolve by Sunne or raine,
But the Northwind doth make it still remaine:
New snow doth fall on that which fell before,
While that the earth is doubly covered o're.
Such is the Northwinds force when it doth blow,
That Towers and houses it doth overthrow.
The people weare short mantles 'gainst the cold,
So that their faces you can scarse behold.
From their Icy haire a ruffling sound is heard,
A hoary frost doth shine upon their beard.
The frozen wine doth keepe the vessels shape,
And in stead of draughts, they peeces of it take.
Of Rivers frozen, what should I heere tell?
Or yet of water digged from the well:
For *Ister* which with *Nile* may equall bee,
Whose many mouthes do fall into the Sea,
His blue waves hidden o're with ice doth keepe,
And so unseene into the sea doth creepe.
Where ships did sayle, their feete they now do set,
And on the ice the horses hoose doth beat.
The *Sarmatian* Oxen draw their waggons over,
New bridges which the running water cover:
'Tis strange, yet lying brings me no reward,
And therefore my report you may regard.
We have seene when as the ice the sea did cover,
While that a shell of ice did glaze it over:
And on the frozen sea have often gon,
While with a dry foote we could walke thereon.

And

And had Leander ſuch a ſhoare deſcri'd,
Then in that narrow Sea he had not dy'd.
The crooked Dolphins cannot then repaire,
Vnto the upper waves to take the ayre:
And though that *Boreas* bluſtring wings were heard,
Yet no waves in the frozen ſea appeard.
The ſhips were frozen up that there did ride,
Nor could the Oares the ſtifned waves divide.
We have ſeene the fiſh within the Ice lye bound,
While that in ſome of them ſome life was found.
If *Boreas* therefore with too powerfull force,
Doe freeze the Sea or ſtop the Rivers courſe:
When *Iſter* by dry winds is once congeald,
The barbarous foe no longer is conceald.
Who skilfull in their horſemanſhip and Bow,
Doe waſte the countrey whereſoere they goe.
While ſome do flye, and none defend the fields,
Their unkept wealth ſome little pillage yeelds.
Their riches is their cattle and their waines,
And that which their poore Cottages containes:
And ſome that by the foe are captive tooke,
Doe leave their countrey with a back-caſt looke.
Some by the barbed arrowes here doe dye,
Who with their poyſond heads doe ſwiftly fly.
That which they cannot take they ſpoyle the ſame,
And make their harmeleſſe Cottages to flame:
When they have peace they ſtand in feare of warre,
So that the fields by no man ploughed are.
The grape is not hid in the leavy ſhade,
Nor are the veſſels fild with wine newe made.
Acontius could not heere an Apple finde,
To write unto his ſweet-heart in the rinde:
Here the naked fields have neyther leafe nor tree,
For its a place markt out for miſerie.

And though the world hath such a large extent,
This land is found out for my punishment.

Sweete Ovid is enforc'd to write,
Gainst one who rayld at him in spight:
Whom mildly here he doth reprove,
And unto pitty doth him move.

ELEGIE XI.

THou that my sad misfortune dost contemne,
And cruelly dost alwayes me condemne,
Wert nurs'd on the rockes by some wilde beast,
And I may say, thou hast a flinty brest.
O whither can thy wrath extended be,
Or what is wanting to my miserie?
The barbarous shores of *Pontus* me enfold,
And here thr Northerne Beare I do behold.
The peoples speech I understand not here,
And every place is full of carefull feare.
For as the Hart pers'u'd by Beares doth shake,
Or as a Lambe hemm'd in by wolves doth quake:
So when these nations do me round enclose,
I am afraid, being compass'd in with foes.
Suppose it were no punishment to me,
Of wife and children thus depriv'd to be:
Though nothing troubled me but *Cæsars* wrath,
Sufficient punishment his anger hath.
Yet there are some who handles my greene wounds,
And to speake against me have let loose their tongues.
In an easie matter every one can speake,
And little strength a bruised thing can breake,

It

It shewes some strength to throw downe wals with hand,
When falling Towers yeeld to the weakest hand.
Why dost thou persecute my empty shade?
Or why dost thou my grave with stones invade?
Though *Hector* in the warrs did shew his force,
It was not *Hector* that behind a horse
Was drawne about: nor am I now the same,
And nothing but my shaddow doth remaine:
Why dost thou rayle on me with words so foule?
I pray thee doe not seeke to vex my soule.
Suppose my faults were true, my chiefest fault,
Was not by wickednesse but errour wrought:
Then glut thy anger with my punishment,
For we are sent to grievous banishment,
A murtherer would lament my unhappy fate,
Thou thinkst me not enough unfortunate.
More cruell than *Bufiris*, or that man,
Who first to make a brasen Bull began.
And on the *Sicilian* Tyrant it bestow'd,
While thus in words his Art to him he shew'd
This worke O King may farre more usefull be
Than the outward shape doth seeme to promise thee
For looke, the Bulls side may be open'd so,
That whom thou meanst to kill, thou needs but throw
Into his belly, and being clos'd therein,
Put fire beneath, and then he will begin
To roare and make a groaning noyse as though
The brasen Bull it selfe began to Lowe:
Therefore to recompence my gift againe,
Let my reward be equall to my paine.
Phalaris reply'd, since that thou didst invent,
This cruell torment for a punishment;
Thou first shalt feele it, and so being throwne
Into the Bull, he there began to groane.

But from *Sicilia* I returne againe,
Of thee that raileſt on me I muſt complaine:
If thou deſireſt to quench thy thirſt with blood,
And that to heare my griefe would do thee good:
I have ſuffer'd ſo much both by ſea and land,
That thou wouldſt grieve the ſame to underſtand.
Ulyſſes was not in ſo great diſtreſſe,
Since *Neptunes* anger is than *Ioves* farre leſſe.
Then do not thou rip up my faults againe,
And from my bleeding wound thy hands refraine.
Let time my former fault in darkneſſe cover,
That this ſame wound may once be skinned over.
Sith Fortune throwes downe whom ſhe doth advance,
Be thou afraid of her uncertaine chance.
And ſince thou haſt a great deſire to pry,
And wouldſt be glad to know my miſery:
My fortune is of miſery moſt full,
For *Cæſars* wrath all ill with it doth pull.
And if thou think'ſt I do the ſame augment,
I wiſh that thou mightſt feele my puniſhment.

Though it be Spring-time every where,
No Spring in Tomos *doth appeare:*
Which makes him pray here to be ſent,
Vnto ſome milder baniſhment.

Elegie XII.

NOw *Zephyrus* warmes the ayre, the yeare is runne,
And the long ſeeming winter now is done:
The Ramme which bore faire *Helles* once away,
Hath made the darke night equall to the day.
Now boyes and girles do ſweet Violets get,
Which in the Countrey often grow unlet:

Faire colour'd flowers in the Meddowes ſpring,
And now the Birds their untaught notes doe ſing:
The Swallow now doth build her little neſt,
Vnder ſome beame, wherein her egges may reſt.
The ſeede which long ſince in the ground was laid,
Is now ſhot forth into a tender blade.
And now young buds upon the vine appeare,
Although the *Getick* ſhoare no tree doth beare.
Tis there vacation, and the warres of Court
Doe now give place to Playes and other ſport:
Now they doe tilt, and feates of armes aſſay,
Now with the ball and with the top they play.
Young men annointed now with oyle begin,
To bathe their limbes within the virgin ſpring:
The ſcene doth flouriſh, and new ſtraines are found,
Which make the three Theaters to reſound.
O foure times happy ſure and more is he,
That to injoy the Citty now is free.
But here I ſee the Snow melt with the Sunne,
The undigged waters now begin to run:
The ſea is not frozen, not doth the ſwaine,
Over the *Iſter* drive his creaking waine.
Yet when that any ſhips doe hither ſayle,
And Anchor at our ſhoare, then without faile,
I run to the Maſter, and after ſalutation,
I aſke him whence he comes and of what nation.
And tis a wonder if he be not one,
That from ſome neighbour countrey then doth come:
From *Italy* few ſhips doe ever ſtand,
To come unto this haven-wanting land.
Whether his language Greeke or Latine be,
The latter is moſt welcome unto me:
If any from *Propontis* here arrive,
While a northwinde his ſpreading ſayles doth drive:

He may enforme me of the common fame,
And orderly he may relate the ſame:
For of Great *Cæſars* triumphs I doe heare,
And of thoſe vowes to *Iove* performed were.
And how rebelling *Germany* in the end,
Beneath our Captaines feete her head did bend:
He that ſhall tell me theſe things here expreſt,
I will invite him home to be my gueſt:
Alaſſe, does *Ovids* houſe alone now ſtand?
Being ſeated here within the *Stirian* land:
May *Cæſar* make this houſe of mine to bee,
Onely an Inne of puniſhment to me.

Againſt his birth-day he doth complaine,
Which was now return'd in vaine.

ELEGIE XIII.

BEhold my birth-day (for why was I borne?)
Doth vainely unto me againe returne,
Hard hearted day, why doſt thou ſtill extend
My yeares, to which thou ſhould'ſt have put an end?
If thou hadſt any care of me or ſhame,
Thou wouldſt not thus have followed me in vaine:
But in that place have given me my death,
Wherein my childhood firſt I drew my breath.
And with my friends that now at *Rome* doe dwell,
Thou mightſt at once have tooke thy laſt farewell.
What's *Pontus* unto thee? or art thou ſent,
By *Cæſars* wrath with me to baniſhment?
Doſt thou expect thy wonted honour here?
While I a white robe on my ſhoulders weare:
Or that faire garlands ſhould environd round,
The ſmoaking Altar with ſweet incenſe crown'd?

Offering ſuch gifts as may beſit the day,
While for thy proſperous returne I pray.
But now I doe not live in ſuch a time,
That when thou com'ſt I ſhould to mirth incline.
A funerall Altar doth become me now,
That may be ſtucke round with the cypreſſe bough.
Now incenſe to the gods were caſt away,
While in my depth of griefe I cannot pray.
Yet one requeſt upon this day ile name,
That to this place thou ne're returne againe,
Whilſt in the fartheſt Ponticke ſhoare I live,
Which falſely ſome the name of *Euxine* give.

Here he writes unto his friend,
That he would his bookes defend.

ELEGIE XIIII.

THou chiefe of learned men, what maketh thee,
A friend unto my idle veine to be?
When I was ſafe then thou my lynes didſt praiſe,
And being abſent thou my fame doſt raiſe.
And all my verſes thou doſt entertaine,
Except the Art of love which I did frame.
Since then thou loveſt the new Poets ſtraine,
Within the City ſtill keepe up my name.
For I and not my bookes am baniſht thence,
Which they could not deſerve by my offence.
The father of't is baniſhed we ſee,
While as his children in the Citty be:
My verſes now are like to *Pallas* borne,
Without a mother; and being ſo forlorne,
I ſend them unto thee, for they bereſt
Of father, now unto thy charge are left.
Three ſonnes of mine by me deſtroyed were,
But of the reſt ſee that thou have a care,

And

And fifteene bookes of changed ſhapes there lyes,
Being raviſht from their maſters obſequies.
That worke I had unto perfection brought,
If that I had not my owne ruine wrought:
Which uncorrected now the people have.
If any thing of mine the people crave,
Let this among my other bookes now ſtand,
Being ſent unto thee from a forraigne land.
Which who ſo reades, let him but waigh againe,
The time and place wherein I did it frame:
He will pardon me when he ſhall underſtand,
That I was baniſht in a barbarous land.
And will admire that in my adverſe time,
With a ſad hand I could draw forth a line.
Mrsfortunes have depriv'd me of my ſtraine,
Although before I ne're had a rich vaine.
Yet whatſoere it was, even now it lyes,
Dryed up for want of any exerciſe:
Here are no bookes to feede me with delight,
But in ſtead of bookes the bowes doe me affright.
Heere's none to whom I may my lines reherſe,
That can both heare and underſtand my verſe.
I have no place where I may walke alone,
But with the Getes ſhut up in walls of ſtone:
Sometimes I aske for ſuch a places name,
But there is none can anſwer me againe.
And when I faine would ſpeake, I muſt confeſſe,
I want fit words my minde for to expreſſe.
The *Scythian* language doth my eare affright,
So that the *Getick* tongue I ſure could write:
I feare leaſt you within this booke ſhould ſee,
That Ponticke words with Latine mingled be.
Yet reade it, and thereto a pardon give,
When thou conſiderſt in what ſtate I live.

Offering ſuch gifts as may beſit the day,
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LIB. IIII.

To excuſe his bookes he doth begin,
And ſhewes how his Muſe did comfort him.

ELEGIE. I.

IF any faults are in theſe bookes of mine,
Have them excuſed Reader by their time.
I ſought no fame, but onely ſome releeſe,
That ſo my mind might not thinke on her griefe.
Even as the Ditcher bound with fetters ſtrong,
Will lighten heavy labour with a ſong:
And he will ſing that with a bended ſide,
Doth draw the ſlow boate up againſt the tide:
And he that at the Oare doth tug with paine,
Doth ſing while he puts backe his oare againe.
The weary Shepheard ſitting on a hill,
Doth pleaſe his ſheepe with piping on his quill:
And every maid within the Contrey bred,
Will ſing while ſhe is drawing forth her thred.
Achilles being ſad for *Briſis* loſſe,
The *Hæmonian* harpe did ſoften that ſame croſſe.
While *Orpheus* for his wife much griefe did ſhew,
With his ſweet tunes the woods and ſtones he drew.
So did my Muſe delight me as I went,
And bore me company in my baniſhment.
She feard no trechery, nor the Souldiers hand,
Nor yet the wind, or ſea, or barbarous land.

She knew what error firſt my ruine brought,
And that there was no wickedneſſe in my fault:
And ſince from her my fault did firſt proceed,
She is made guilty with me of that deed.
Yet ſtill the feare of harme me ſo affrights,
I ſcarſe dare touch the Muſes holy rites.
But now a ſudden fury doth me move,
And being hurt by verſe, yet verſe I love.
Even as *Vlyſſes* tooke delight to taſte,
The Lote tree which did hurt him at the laſt.
The Lovet feeles his loſſe, yet does delight
In it, and ſeekes to feede his apperite.
So Bookes delight me which did me confound,
Loving the Dart which gave me this ſame wound.
Perhaps this ſtudy may a fury ſeeme,
And yet to many it hath uſefull beene.
It makes the mind that it cannot retaine,
Her griefe in ſight, but doth forget the ſame.
As ſhe ne're felt the wound which *Bacchus* gave,
But wildly on the Idean hils did rave:
So when a ſacred fire my breſt doth warme,
My higher fancy doth all ſorrow ſcorne.
It feeles no banithment, or *Pontick* ſhore,
Nor thinkes the gods are angrie any more:
And as if I ſhould drinke dull *Lethes* water,
I have no ſence of any ſorrow after.
Needs muſt thoſe goddeſſes then honour'd be,
Who from their *Helicon* did come with me.
And for to follow me they ſtill did pleaſe,
Either by foote, by ſhipping, or by ſeas.
And may they gracious unto me abide,
Since that the gods are all on *Cæſars* ſide:
While thoſe griefes which they heape on me are more,
Than fiſh in ſeas, or ſands upon the ſhoare.

The flowers in ſpring-time thou mayſt ſooner tell,
Or Autumns apples, or the ſnow that fell,
Than all my griefes being toſſed too and fro,
While I unto the Euxine there do go:
Where come, I found no change of miſerie,
As if ill fortune ſtill did follow me.
My thred of life in one courſe heere doth runne,
Of blacke and diſmall wooll this thred is ſpunne.
Though I omit my dangers and my griefe,
I have ſeene ſuch miſeries as are paſt beleefe.
Amongſt the barbarous *Getes* how can he live?
To whom the people once ſuch praiſe did give.
How grievous is it to be lockt within,
A walled Towne, and yet ſcarce ſafe therein?
For in my youth all warre I did deteſt,
And never handled weapons but in jeſt.
Now in my hands a ſword and ſhield I beare,
And on my gray haires I a helmet weare.
For when the watchman ſtanding in his place,
Doth give ſome ſigne, then all do arme apace.
The enemie with his poyſon'd ſhafts and bow,
On their proud Steeds about the walles do go:
And as the Wolfe doth beare a ſheepe away,
Into the woods, which from the fold did ſtray:
So thoſe that once are ſtrayd beyond the gate,
The foe comes on them, and doth take them ſtraight.
Then like a captive they his necke do chaine,
Or elſe with poyſon'd arrowes he is ſlaine.
In this place I a dweller am become,
Alaſſe my time of life too ſlow doth runne.
Yet to my verſe I do returne againe,
My friendly Muſe doth me in griefe ſuſtaine:
Yet there is none to whom I may recite
My verſe, or heare the Latin which I write,

But to my ſelfe I do both write and reade,
And then to judge my ſelfe I do proceede.
Oft I have ſaid, why do I take this vaine?
Or ſhall the *Getes* delight in *Ovids* name?
Oft while I write my eyes to weeping ſet,
And every letter with my teares is wet:
And then my heart renewes her griefe againe,
While on my boſome, ſhowres of teares do raine.
When as my former ſtate comes in my thought,
Thinking to what my fortune hath me brought:
Oft my mad hand, even angry with my vaine,
Hath caſt my verſes into the quicke flame.
Then ſince of many, theſe few do remaine,
Who e're thou art, with pardon reade the ſame.
And *Rome* do thou take in good part each line,
Though each verſe be no better than my time.

He grieves that he could not preſent be,
At the tryumph of conquer'd Germanie.

Elegie. II.

NOw haughty *Germany* (as the world hath done)
May kneele to *Cæſar*, being overcome.
Now the high palaces are with garlands dight,
And ſmoaking incenſe turnes the day to night.
Now the white ſacrifice by the axe is ſlaine,
And with his purple blood the earth doth ſtaine.
And both the conquering *Cæſars* do prepare,
To give the gods thoſe gifts which promis'd were.
And all the youngmen borne under his name,
Do pray that ſtill his progeny may raigne.
And *Livia*, ſince the gods her ſonne did ſave,
Preſents thoſe gifts which they deſerve to have.

The Matrons, and thoſe free from bad deſire,
Who living Virgins, keepe the veſtall fire:
The people, and the Senate too are glad,
And Gentry, mongſt whom once a name I had.
Theſe publike joyes to me here are unknowne,
And but a weake report doth hither come.
But on theſe triumphs may the people looke,
And reade what townes were by ſuch captaines tooke:
While as the captive kings to encreaſe the ſhow,
Before the plumed horſes chained goe.
With countenances to their fortune chang'd,
Once terrible, now from themſelves eſtrangd.
While ſome deſire their cauſe and names to know,
One knowing little thus deſcribes the ſhow.
He that in yonder purple roabe doth ſhine,
Was captaine of the warre, and next to him,
He whoſe ſad eyes fixt on the ground appeare,
Bore not that looke when he his armes did beare:
That cruell man whoſe eyes ſtill burning are,
By counſell did incite them unto warre.
This fellow did falſe ambuſhments provide,
Whoſe ſhaggy haire his ougly face doth hide.
This fellow kill'd the captives which he tooke,
Although the gods ſuch offerings did not brooke.
Theſe Mountaines, Rivers, Caſtels, which you ſee,
Where fill'd with blood of men which ſlaughterd be:
Here *Druſus* did his honour firſt obtaine,
Being worthy of that houſe from whence he came.
Here *Rhene* with blood of men was colour'd over,
While no greene reedes his winding bankes did cover.
Behold how *Germany* with her long haire ſpred,
[illegible] feete who hath her conquered:
[illegible]omane axe her necke doth yeeld,
[illegible]ing chain'd which once did beare a ſhield.

And

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Being worthy of that houſe from whence he came.
Here *Rhene* with blood of men was colour'd over,
While no greene reedes his winding bankes did cover.
Behold how *Germany* with her long haire ſpred,
Sits at his feete who hath her conquered:
And to the Romane axe her necke doth yeeld,
Her hands being chain'd which once did beare a ſhield.

And above theſe Great *Cæſar* thou art carryed,
Through all the people in thy conquering Chariot:
Thy ſubjects by loud ſhoots their love doe ſhew,
While all the way with ſweeteſt flowers they ſtrew
Thy temples crowned with Phœbean bayes,
The ſouldier ſingeth *Io* to thy praiſe.
While thy foure Chariot horſes by the way,
Heated with noyſe do often ſtop and ſtay.
Then to the Tower and Temples favoring thee,
Thou goeſt, where gifts to *Iove* ſhall offerd be.
Theſe things I can within my minde review,
For it hath power, an abſent place to ſhew.
Through ſpatious lands it can moſt freely ſtray,
And unto heaven finde the ready way.
By helpe whereof the City I do ſee,
That of this good I may partaker be.
It ſhewes the Ivory Chariots which doe ſhine,
So I ſhall be at home even for a time:
The happy people ſhall behold this ſight,
And for to ſee their captaine take delight.
But I muſt ſee it by imagination,
My eares ſhall taſt the fruit of the relation:
For being baniſht to a forraingne land,
To tell me of it here is none at hand.
Yet he that this late triumph tells to me,
When ere I heare him I ſhall joyfull be:
And on that day no ſorrow I will ſhow,
For publike joy exceedes a private woe.

Ovid ſeemeth to ſpeake here,
To the conſtellations of the Beare.

Elegie III.

YOu great and leſſer beaſts, whereof the one
Guides *Græcian* ſhips, the other *Sydonian*:

Which frō your Poles view all things which you please,
And never ſet beneath the weſterne Seas:
And while that you encompaſſe in the skie,
Your circle from the earth is ſeene on high.
Looke on theſe walls, ore which as they report,
Remus leapt over in his merry ſport.
And looke with ſhining beames upon my wife,
And tell me if ſhe leade a conſtant life.
Alas, why doubt I in a matter cleare?
Why doe I waver betweene hope and feare?
Beleeve as thou deſirſt, that all is well,
Perſwade thy ſelfe ſhe doth in faith excell.
And what the fixed ſtarres cannot unfold,
Tell to thy ſelfe and be thou thus reſolv'd:
That as thou thinkſt on her, ſo ſhee againe
Doth thinke on thee, and with her keepes thy name:
And in her minde thy countenance doth reviewv,
And while ſhee lives that ſhe her love will ſhew.
When thy griev'd minde doth on thy ſorrow light,
Doth gentle ſleepe forſake thy boſome quite?
Doth thy cold bed renew thy cares afreſh,
And make thee thinke on me in my diſtreſſe?
Doe nights ſeeme long while ſorrowes inward burne,
Doe thy ſides ake while thou doſt often turne?
Yet I beleeve that now thou doſt no leſſe,
And that thy ſorrow doth thy love expreſſe.
Thou greev'ſt no leſſe than did that *Theban* wife,
To ſee brave *Hectors* body voyd of life,
Drawne by *Theſſalian* horſes; yet I cannot tell,
What paſſion in thy minde I wiſh to dwell.
If thou art ſad, then I am greev'd for thee,
That of thy ſorrow I the cauſe ſhould be:
[illegible]le wife doe thou lament thy loſſes,
[illegible]e the time to thinke upon my croſſes.

Weepe

Weepe for my fall, to weepe is ſome releeſe,
For that doth eaſe and carry out our griefe.
And would thou could'ſt lament my death, not life,
That ſo by death I might have left my wife.
Then in my countrey I had dy'd, and dead,
Thy teares upon my corpes had then beene ſhed.
And thou had'ſt cloſ'd my eyes up with thy hand,
While looking unto heaven they did ſtand:
In an auncient Tombe my aſhes had beene ſpred,
And had beene buried where I firſt was bred.
Laſtly, I then had dyed without blame,
But now my baniſhment is to me a ſhame.
Yet wretched am I if thou bluſheſt than,
When thou art call'd wife to a baniſht man.
Wretched am I if thou that name decline,
Wretched am I if thou ſham'ſt to be mine:
Where is that time wherein thou took'ſt a pride,
In *Ovids* name, and to be *Ovids* bride?
Where is that time wherein theſe words you ſpake,
That you in being mine did pleaſure take:
Like a good wife in me you did delight,
And love encreas'd my valew in your ſight.
And unto you ſo pretious was I then,
That you preferred me before all men:
Then thinke it no diſgrace that thou art nam'd
My wife, for which thou maiſt be greev'd, not ſham'd.
When raſh *Capaneus* in the warres did fall,
Evadne bluſht not at his fault at all.
Though *Iupiter* did fire with fire ſuppreſſe,
Yet *Phaethon* was beloved ne're the leſſe:
And *Semele* did not loſe old *Cadmus* love,
Becauſe ſhe periſht by her ſuite to *Ioue*.
Then ſince that I am ſtrucken with *Ioues* flame,
Let not a crimſon bluſh thy faire cheeke ſtaine.

But with freſh courage rather me defend,
That for a good wife I may thee commend:
Shew now thy vertue in adverſitie,
The way to glory through hard waye's doth lie.
Who would talke of *Hector*, had *Troy* happy beene,
For vertue in adverſitie is ſeene.
Typhis Art tailes when no waves are ſeene,
In health *Apollo's* Art hath no eſteeme.
That vertue which before time lay conceal'd,
In trouble doth appeare, and is reveal'd.
My fortune gives thee ſcope to raiſe thy fame,
And by thy vertue to advance the name.
Then uſe the time, for theſe unhappy dayes,
Do open a faire way for to get praiſe.

He writes to his friend in his diſtreſſe,
Whoſe name by ſignes he doth expreſſe.

ELEGIE IIII.

O Friend, though thou a Gentleman art borne,
Yet thou by vertue doſt thy birth adorne.
Thy fathers courteſie ſhineth in thy mind,
And yet this courteſie is with courage joyn'd.
In thee thy fathers eloquence doth dwell,
Whom none could in the *Romane* Court excell.
Then ſince by ſignes I am enforc'd to name thee,
I hope for praiſing you, you will not blame mee:
'Tis not my fault, your gifts do it proclaime,
Be what you ſeem, and I deſerve no blame.
Beſides, my love in verſe expreſt, I truſt,
Shall not harme thee ſince *Cæſar* is moſt juſt:
Our Countryes father, and ſo milde that he,
Sufers his name within my verſe to be.

Nor

Nor can he now forbid it if he would,
Cæſar is publike;and a common good.
Iupiter ſometimes lets the Poets praiſe
His acts,that ſo their wit his deeds may raiſe.
Thy caſe by two examples good doth ſeeme,
The one beleev'd a god,the other ſeene:
Or elſe Ile take the fault,and to it ſtand,
To ſtay my Letter was not in thy hand.
Nor thus by writing have I newly err'd,
With whom by words I often have conferr'd.
Then friend leſt thou be blam'd, thou needſt not feare,
For it is I that muſt the envy beare.
For if you'l not diſſemble a knowne truth,
I lov'd your father even from my youth.
And you know how he did approve my wit,
More than in my owne judgement I thought fit.
And oftentimes he would ſpeake of my verſe,
And grace them while he did the ſame rehearſe.
Nor do I give theſe faire words unto thee,
But to thy father who firſt loved mee.
Nor do I flatter,ſince my lives acts paſt
I can defend,except it be the laſt.
And yet my fault no wicked crime can bee,
If that my griefes be not unknowne to thee.
It was an error brought me to this ſtate,
Then ſuffer me now to forget my fate.
Breake not my wounds which yet ſcarſe cloſed are,
Since reſt it ſelfe can hardly helpe my care.
And though to ſuffer juſtly I am thought,
There was no wicked purpoſe in my fault.
Which *Cæſar* knowing,ſuffer'd me to live,
Nor to another my goods did he give.
And this ſame baniſhment perhaps ſhall ceaſe,
When length of time his anger ſhall appeaſe,

And now I pray he would me hence remove,
(If this requeſt would not immodeſt prove:)
To ſome more quiet baniſhment, where I
Might live farre from the cruell enemie.
And ſuch is *Ceſars* clemency that he
Would grant it, if ſome aske this boone for me.
The ſhores of the Euxine ſea do me containe,
Which heretofore the Axine they did name.
The ſeas are toſſed with a bluſtring winde,
Nor can ſtrange ſhips any ſafe harbour finde.
And round about blood eating men do live,
Thus ſea and land do equall terror give.
Not farre off ſtands that curſed altar where,
All ſtrangers to *Diana* offerd were.
Theſe bloody kingdomes once King *Thoas* had,
Not envy'd nor deſir'd, they were ſo bad.
Here the faire *Ipigenia* did deviſe,
To pleaſe her goddeſſe with this ſacrifice:
Whither aſſoone as mad *Oreſtes* came,
Tormented with his owne diſtracted braine;
And *Phocens* with him his companion,
Who two in body, were in mind but one:
To this ſad altar they were bound, which ſtood
Before a paire of gates embru'd with blood:
Yet in themſelves no feare of death they had,
But one friend for the others death was ſad.
The Prieſt with faulchion drawne ſtood ready there,
With a courſe fillet bound about his haire.
But when ſhe knew her brothers voyce, ſhe came,
And did embrace him that ſhould have beene ſlaine:
And being glad, ſhe left the place, and then
She chang'd the rites, which *Diana* did contemne.
Vnto this fartheſt region I am come,
Which even gods and men do likewiſe ſhunne.

Theſe

These barbarous rites neare my countrey are maintain'd,
If a barbarous countrey may be *Ovids* land: (hence,
May those winds beare me backe, which tooke *Oreſtes*
When *Cæſar* is appeaſed for my offence.

His griefe to his friend he doth reveale,
Whoſe name he on purpoſe doth conceale.

Elegie V.

O Chiefeſt friend mongſt thoſe were loved of me,
The onely ſanctuary to my miſerie:
By whoſe ſweet ſpeech my ſoule reviv'd againe,
As oyle powr'd in, revives the watching flame.
Who did'ſt not feare a faithfull porte to open,
And refuge to my ſhip with thunder broken:
With whoſe revenues I ſuppli'd ſhould be,
If *Cæſar* had tooke my owne goods from me.
While violence of the time doth carry me,
Thy name's almoſt ſlipt out of memory:
Yet thou doſt know't, and touched with the flame
Of praiſe, doſt wiſh thou mightſt thy ſelfe proclaime:
If thou would'ſt ſuffer it, I thy name would give,
And make them that they ſhould thy fame beleeve.
I feare my gratefull verſe ſhould hurtfull be,
Or unſeaſonable honour ſhould but hinder thee.
Since this is ſafe, rejoyce within thy minde,
That I remember thee that thou wert kinde:
And as thou doſt, to helpe with Oares ſtrive,
Till *Cæſar* pleaſ'd, ſome gentler wind arrive.
And ſtill beare up my head which none can ſave,
But he that plung'd me in the ſtygian wave:
And which is rare, be conſtant to the end,
In every office of a ſtedfaſt friend.

So may thy fortune happily proceede,
That thou no helpe, but others thine may neede:
May ſo thy wife in goodneſſe equall thee,
And in thy bed may diſcord ſildome be:
May thy kindreds love be unto thee no other,
Than that was ſhew'd to *Caſtor* by his brother.
May ſo thy ſonne be like thee, and in's prime,
By his carriage may they know him to be thine:
May thy daughter make thee a fatherlaw to be,
And give the name of grandfather to thee.

Though time all things doth aſſwage,
Yet his ſorrow more doth rage:
So that being tyrd, at length,
To beare his griefe he had no ſtrength.

ELEGIE VI.

IN time the Oxe endures the labouring plough,
And to the crooked yoake his necke doth bow:
In time the horſe doth to the raynes ſubmit,
And gently takes into his mouth the bit.
In time the *Affrick* Lions oulder grow,
Nor do they ſtill their former fierceneſſe ſhow.
Time makes the grape to ſwell untill the skin
Can ſcarce containe the wine that is within.
Time brings the ſeed unto an eare at laſt,
And maketh apples to be ſweet in taſt.
Time weares the ploughſhare that doth cut the clay,
The Adamant and Flint it weares away.
This by degrees fierce anger doth appeaſe,
It leſſens ſorrow, and ſad hearts doth eaſe.
Thus length of time can every thing impaire,
Except it be the burden of my care.

Since I was baniſht corne hath twice beene threſht,
The grapes have twice with naked feete beene preſt:
Yet in this time no patience can I gaine,
My minde moſt freſhly doth her griefe retaine.
Even as old Oxen often ſhunne the yoake,
And the horſe will not be bridled that was broke:
My preſent griefe is worſe than that before,
Which by delay encreaſes more and more.
Preſent griefes better knowne than paſt griefes are,
And being better knowne they bring more care.
Beſids tis ſomething when we bring freſh ſtrength,
And are not tyr'd before with griefes ſad length:
The new wraſtler on the yellow ſand is ſtronger,
Than he whoſe armes are tyr'd with ſtriving longer:
The unwounded Fencer better is than he,
Within whoſe blood the weapons dyed be.
A new built ſhip reſiſts the windes fell power,
When an old ones broken with the ſmalleſt ſhower.
And we more patiently before did beare,
Thoſe ſorrowes which by time encreaſed are:
Beleeve it, I grow faint, and I am ſure,
My body will not long theſe griefes endure:
My ſtrength nor colour doth not now abide,
And my leane skin my bones can ſcarcely hide.
My body and my minde too is not well,
Which on the thought of griefe doth alway dwell:
The Citty and my friends both abſent are,
And wife, than whom ther's none to me ſo deare.
But the *Scythians* and a rout of *Getes* here be,
Both abſent things and preſent trouble me:
One hope there is which yeelds me ſome releeſe,
That death will give an end unto my griefe.

He doth here excuſe his friend,
That no letters to him did ſend,

Elegie VII.

After cold winter twice the Sunne hath come,
And through the Fiſhes twice his journey runne:
Why was not thy right hand ready for to ſhew
Thy love by writing verſes, though a few?
When I did open any letters ſeale,
Why did I hope it would thy name reveale?
I hope many a letter hath beene writ by thee,
Though none of them were yet delivered me.
I ſooner will beleeve *Meduſae's* head,
With ſnakie haires was round encompaſſed.
Or *Scylla*, or *Chimeras* monſtrous frame,
Lion and Serpent parted with a flame:
Or that the *Minotaure* hath ever beene,
Or *Cerberus* with his triple dogs face ſeene:
Or *Sphynx*, or *Harpies*, Gyants that had feete
Like Serpents, *Gyges*, or the Centaures fleete:
I will beleeve theſe things may ſooner be,
Than that thou art chang'd and haſt forgotten me.
For many Mountaines now twixt thee and I,
And many Rivers, Fields, and Seas do lye.
And many things thy letters may prevent
From comming to us, which from thee were ſent:
Overcome theſe lets by writing oft to us,
That I may not alwayes excuſe thee thus.

Ovid grieves that he is ſent,
In his old age to baniſhment.

Elegie. VIII.

My temples like the Swans ſoft feathers are,
And white old age doth colour my blacke haire:

Now

Now idle age and weake yeares comming be,
And now to beare my ſelfe doth trouble me.
Now all my former labours I ſhould end,
And without feare my life in quiet ſpend:
And now my minde ſhould take her reſt at leaſure,
And in my ſtuddy I ſhould live at pleaſure.
To my houſe and gods ſome honour I ſhould grant;
And my Fathers lands which now their maſter want:
That in my Nephewes or wives boſome I,
Within my Countrey might grow old and dye.
Thus formerly I hop't my age ſhould end,
And thus I had deſerv'd theſe yeares to ſpend:
The gods were not pleas'd, ſince I being toſt
By tempeſts, am in *Sarmatia* ſet at laſt.
The bruiſed ſhippes are drawne into the Docke,
Leaſt in the middle ſtreame they ſhould be broke:
Leaſt the horſe ſhould ſhame his gotten victory paſt,
In the meddow he is put to graze at laſt.
The Souldier that's unfit his armes to beare,
Hangs up his armour which he once did weare:
So ſince with age my ſtrength is now decreaſed,
It is time I ſhould from labour be releaſed.
It is no time in forraigne lands to ſtay,
Nor at a Getick ſpring my thirſt to allay:
But in my Garden now to take delight,
And then againe to enjoy the Cities ſight.
And thus my minde not knowing future ill,
I wiſht I might in age live quiet ſtill.
The fates withſtood, and gave me a happie time
At firſt, but loaded theſe laſt dayes of mine:
And fiftie yeares being ended without ſtaine,
In the worſt of my life I beare the blame.
Beeing neare unto the marke at which I aym'd,
The remainder of my life ſad ruine gain'd:

The Chariot of my life was overthrowne,
When it unto the goale was almoſt come.
And gainſt me have enforc'd him to be wrath,
Than whom the world none more milder hath:
Though my offence orecame his clemency,
To grant me life he never did denie.
But neare the north Pole I my life muſt leade,
In the land which by the *Euxine* Sea doth ſpred.
Had the *Delphian* Oracle told theſe things to me,
That place had ſeemed then moſt vaine to be.
Ther's nothing though the *Adamant* it containe,
That can be ſtronger than *Ioves* ſudden flame.
Ther's nothing is ſo high or plac'd above
Danger, but that it is ſet under *Iove*.
Though part of my griefe did come by my one fault,
Yet *Cæſars* wrath my utter ruine wrought:
But be you now admoniſh'd by my fate,
To pleaſe that man who'o equalls gods in ſtate.

Here he doth admoniſh one,
That he proceede not to doe him wrong.

Elegie IX.

SInce thou art content I will conceale thy name,
And drench thy deedes in Lethæan waves againe:
And thy late teares our mercy ſhall orecome,
So thou repent of that which thou haſt done.
But if hatred of us ſtill thy boſome warmes,
My unhappy griefe muſt take up forced armes:
Though I am baniſht to the fartheſt lands,
My anger may from thence reach out her hands.
All right of lawes great *Cæſar* did me grant,
My puniſhment is my countrey for to want.

And

And if he live, we may hope our returne,
The Oake looks green which lightning once did burne.
If I had no power to revenge, at length
The Muſes then would lend me helpe and ſtrength.
Though in the *Scythian* coaſts I here doe lye,
Whereas the ſtarrie ſignes are ever drye:
Yet through large ſpatious lands my praiſe ſhall goe,
And all the world my ſad complaint ſhall know.
What we ſpeake in the weſt, unto the Eaſt ſhall flye,
And the Eaſt ſhall heare my Weſterne harmonie.
Beyond both lands and ſeas they ſhall heare me,
In a loud voyce ſhall my lamenting be.
Nor ſhall the preſent age thee onely blame,
But of poſterity thou ſhalt be the ſhame:
I am now deſpos'd to fight, though I have not blowne
The trumpet, and I wiſh no cauſe were knowne.
Though the Circk ceaſe, the Bull doth caſt aloofe
The ſand, and beats the earth with his hard hoofe,
And now my Muſe ſound the retraite againe,
While that he may diſſemble his owne name.

In this ſweete Elegie at laſt,
Ovid ſhew's his life that's paſt:
Deſcribes his birth, and does rehearſe,
How he tooke delight in verſe.

Elegie X.

POſterity receive me with delight,
For it is I that once of love did write:
Sulmo my countrey is, where cold ſprings riſe,
And fifteene miles it from the Citty lies.
Heere was I borne, and as you know right well,
When both the Conſuls by like fortune fell.

Beſides, I was heire to my grand-father by right,
Not made a Gentleman by fortunes might.
After my brother I was borne at laſt,
When twelve months from his birth were fully paſt.
And both of us were borne upon one day,
On which two wafer cakes we us'd to pay.
Of thoſe five feaſts to *Pallas* memorie,
This is the firſt which bloody us'd to be.
Forthwith we being young, by our fathers care,
Did go to men in Art that famous were.
My brother in ſweete eloquence did delight,
Being borne in wrangling warres of Court to fight.
But I diviner Poeſy did favour,
And my Muſe did entice me to her labour:
My father ſaid, why art thou thus inclind?
Homer himſelfe did leave no wealth behind.
Mov'd with his words I left the Muſes well,
And unto wri.ing proſe I ſtraightway fell:
But then my lines would into numbers runne,
And what I writ would ſtraight a verſe become.
In the meane time yeares in ſilence going on,
I and my brother tooke the freer gowne:
The purple robes our ſhoulders now did cloath,
And in our firſt ſtuddies we delighted both,
At twenty yeares my brother dy d, and then
To want part of my ſelfe I firſt began
The honours due to youth we both did take,
And of the three men I a part did make:
Being forc'd into the Senate at the length,
That burden was more greater than my ſtrength.
My minde nor body could no paines abide,
And I did alwayes ſhunne ambitious pride:
The *Aonian* ſiſters bid me ſeeke ſafe leaſure,
Wherein indeed I alwayes tooke great pleaſure.

I lov'd and cherish'd Poets of that time,
For I did thinke the Poets were divine:
Old *Macer* read to me in verse of birdes;
What hearbs are hurtfull, and what helps affords:
Often *Propertius* did his love recite,
Ioynd unto me even by acquaintance right.
Ponticus in Heroicks, *Ballus* in Iambicks rare,
These two my sweet companions alwayes were.
And *Horraces* numbers did my eare delight,
While he verse unto the harpe doth strike:
Virgil I onely saw, and covetous fates,
Tibullus from my friendship hence translates.
He was *Gallus* successor, *Propertius* follow'd him,
In course of time I was the fourth came in.
As I my elders, my youngers me renowne,
And my *Thaleia* soone abroad was knowne.
Twice was my beard cut, when I did reherse,
Vnto the people first my youthfull verse:
One call'd *Corinna* by a fayned name,
In praysing her did exercise my vaine.
Much did I write, but what I faulty deem'd,
I gave them to the fire for to amend:
And when I fled, I burnt some things I lov'd,
For with my verse and studdy I was mov'd.
A light occasion would move my soft heart,
Which soone would be orecome by *Cupids* Dart:
Yet with loves fire being quickly set on flame,
There was no scandall went under my name.
To me a boy, an unthriftie wife they assigne,
Who was married to me but a little time.
My next wife though shee were without all blame,
Yet in my bed she did not long remaine.
My last abides these latter yeares, and can
Endure to be wife to a banisht man.

My

My ſecond daughter did two husbands take,
And twice a grandfather of me did make.
My father now his life even finiſht had,
While nine times foure yeares he to mine did adde.
I wept for him, as he would have done for me,
And then my mother dyed preſently.
Happy and timely to the grave they went,
Becauſe they dy'd before my baniſhment:
And I am happy, ſince while they did live,
They had no cauſe at all for me to greeve.
If ought remaine unto the dead but names,
And the thin Ghoſt doe ſcape the funerall flames;
If you my parents heare ſome ſad report,
And that my faults are in the ſtygian court:
Know then (whom to deceive is not my intent)
Error, not wickedneſſe cauſ'd my baniſhment.
Thus much to the dead, to you I now returne,
That the actions of my life would faine diſcerne:
Now whiteneſſe, when my beſt yeares ſpended were,
Came on and mingled with my ancient haire.
The horſeman with Piſa in Olive crown'd,
Hath ſince my birth got ten prizes renown'd.
When as the Emperours wrath doth me command,
To *Tomos* which by Euxine Sea doth ſtand.
I needs not ſhew the cauſe of my ſad fall,
Which is already too well knowne to all.
What ſhould I ſhew the trecherous intent,
Of friends and ſervants, bad as baniſhment:
Yet my minde ſcornd to yeeld to griefe at length,
And ſhew'd herſelfe invincible in ſtrength.
And forgetting of my quiet life, I than
To take armes in my unwonted hand began:
In more perrills I by ſea and land have beene,
Than ſtarres betweene the ſhining Poles are ſeene.

At laſt I arriued at the *Getticke* coaſt,
Ioynd to *Sarmatia*, being with errors toſt.
Though noiſe of warres do round about me rage,
Yet by my verſe I did my greefe aſſwage.
Though there be none that can my words receiue,
Yet thus I doe the day alone deceiue.
In that I liue and labour ſtill betweene,
And that the time doth not to me long ſeeme:
Thanks Muſe to thee, for thou doſt yeeld releeſe,
Thou art the eaſe, and medcine of my griefe.
Thou art my guide, from *Iſther* me doſt bring,
And placeſt me in the Heliconian ſpring.
And haſt given me in my life time a great name,
Which after death is given ſtill by fame.
Envy which doth at preſent things repine,
Hath never bitten any worke of mine.
Though many Poets in this age forth came,
Yet fame was never envyous to my name.
I prefer'd many who of me ſtill ſed
No leſſe, and through the world I am red:
If Poets any truth do propheſie,
I ſhall not all be earth when I do dye,
If favour or my verſe gave me this fame,
Kind Reader I do thanke the for the ſame.

LIB. V.

He writeth here unto his friend,
To whom he doth this booke commend.

Elegie I.

THis booke which commeth from the *Getticke* ſhoare,
Adde thou (my friend) unto the other foure,

For

For this is like unto the Poets times,
And thou ſhalt finde no ſweetneſſe in my lines.
My verſe and fortune full of ſorrow be,
My matter with my writing doth agree:
Being happy, in a pleaſant veine I writ,
But now alaſſe I doe repent of it.
But when I fell, my ſad chance I proclame,
And I my ſelfe the argument doe frame:
Even as the Swan that on the banke doth lye,
Bewailes herſelfe when ſhe is neare to dye:
So I beeing caſt on the *Sarmatick* ſhoare,
My owne ſad funerall doe here deplore.
If any do in wanton verſe delight,
I adviſe him not to reade what I doe write:
Gallus and ſweet *Propertius* fitter be,
Whoſe names do flouriſh ſtill in memorie.
And in their number would I might not fall,
Alaſſe why hath my Muſe even ſpoke at all?
But now to *Scythia* for a puniſhment,
He that did write of quiverd love is ſent:
Yet I have bent my friends unto my vaine,
And bid them to be mindefull of my name.
If ſome would know why I ſo much do ſing
Of griefe, aſcribe it to my ſuffering:
We doe not now compoſe with will and Art,
Sorrow doth to the matter wit impart.
How ſmall a part of griefe is in my verſe,
Hee's happy that his ſufferings can rehearſe:
As ſhrubs in wood, or ſands which *Tyber* guild,
Or the ſoft blades of graſſe in *Marſſes* field
So many miſeries doe we now endure,
Of which my Muſes are the onely cure:
If thou aske when *Ovid* ends his weeping lines,
I anſwer, when I doe finde better times.

Shee

Shee this complaint from a full ſpring affords,
They are not mine but my misfortunes words:
If to me my wife and countrey thou reſtore,
I ſhall be merry as I was before.
If *Cæſars* wrath to me become more milde,
Ile give thee verſes that with mirth are fill'd
Yet ſhall my writing not jeſt ſo againe,
Though once it ranne out in a wanton vaine.
Ile ſing what ſhall by *Cæſar* be approv'd,
If that I might be from the *Getes* remov'd:
Till then ſad matter in my bookes ſhall be,
This pipe doth unto funeralls agree.
But thou maiſt ſay, twere better for to cover
Thy griefes, and ſtrive in ſilence them to ſmother.
Thou wouldſt have torments, yet no groanes reſound,
Thou bidſt him not to weepe that hath a wound.
In that Bull which *Perillus* once did frame,
Phalleris ſuffer'd them to roare and complaine.
And *Priams* teares *Achilles* did not blame,
But thou more cruell wouldſt my teares reſtraine.
When *Dian Niobe* did childleſſe leave,
Shee did not bid her that ſhee ſhould not grieve:
Tis ſomething by words to eaſe ſorrowes vaine,
Which maketh *Progne* alwayes to complaine.
This made *Pæantius* in a cold cave lye,
Wearying the *Lemnian* rockes even with his cry.
Sorrow conceald doth choake and inward ſwell,
Reſtraint to gather ſtrength doth it compell.
Then pardon me, or leave my workes even quite,
If they harme thee which doe mee much delight:
But yet they can be hurtfull unto none,
Which onely have their Author overthrowne.
I confeſſe they are ill, who bids thee take them then?
Or who forbids thee lay them downe agen:

Yet that they may be read at last of thee,
More barbarous than the place they cannot be.
Rome with her Poets should not me compare,
Though mongst the Sauroumates I witty were:
Lastly I seeke no glorie to obtaine,
Nor that which spurrs up wit, aspiring fame.
I would not have my minde to waste with care,
Which still breake in though they forbidden are:
This makes me write, but if you aske why I send
These bookes, it is to visit you my friend.

He bids his wife not to feare,
To entreat Cæsar that he would heare
His case, and after be content,
To grant him milder banishment:

ELEGIE II.

WHen a letter comes from *Pontus*, art thou pale?
Why does thy hand in opening it even faile?
Feare not, I am well, my body which I long
Did ne're inure to paines, now groweth strong:
And being vext, by use doth waxe more hard,
Or that to be sicke, time is now debard:
And yet my minde of strength doth get no more,
My affections are the same they were before.
Those wounds which I thought time would close againe,
As if they were new made put me to paine:
Time hath some power to heale a little crosse,
But greater sorrowes do by time grow worse.
Peantius ten whole yeares that wound did feede,
Which from the poyson'd Snake did first proceede:
Let part then of my greefe his wrath appease,
And let him take some drops from the full Seas.

Though

Though he take off much, yet much remaine ſtill ſhall,
Part of my puniſhment will be like to all.
As ſhells on ſhoare, or flowers on beds of Roſes,
Or as the graines which Poppie firſt diſcloſes:
As beaſts in woods, or fiſh in waters ſwims,
Or birds doe beate the gentle ayre with wings:
So many are my griefes, and I as well
The drops of the *Icarian* Sea may tell.
Though I hide my dangers both by Sea and land,
And how my life was ſought by every hand:
In the barbarous part of all the world I lye,
Which is encompaſſed by the enemie.
Since my crime is not bloody, I ſhould be
Conveyed hence, if thou didſt care for me.
That god on whom the Roman power doth lye,
Hath beene moſt milde unto his enemie.
Why doſt thou doubt? goe and entreat for me:
Than *Cæſar* no man can more gentle be.
What ſhall I doe if thou doſt me forſake?
And from the broken yoake thy necke doſt take,
And whence ſhall I ſome comfort now provide?
Since that my ſhip doth at no anchor ride.
He ſhall ſee, and to the Altar I will runne,
The Altar which no hands at all doth ſhunne.
I abſent to the abſent powers will ſpeake,
If that a man to *Iove* his minde may breake:
Thou Ruler of the Empire in whoſe ſafetie,
The gods doe ſhew their care of *Italie*:
The glory and example of thy land,
Great as the world which thou doſt command:
So dwell on earth, that heaven may thee deſire,
And ſlowly to the promis'd ſtarres aſpire.
Spare me, and take ſome thunder backe againe,
Enough of puniſhment will ſtill remaine.

Thy

Thy wrath is milde, thou gantedſt me to live,
And the right of a Citizen to me didſt give.
Nor was my ſubſtance given away, and than,
Thy edicts calls me not a baniſht man.
All which I feard, cauſe I did thee incenſe,
But thy wrath was more milde than my offence.
To baniſh me to *Pontus* thou didſt pleaſe,
While that my ſhip did cut the *Scythian* ſeas.
Thus ſent, at the *Euxine* ſhores I landed ſtraight,
Which under the cold Pole are ſcituate.
Nor with the cold ayre here more vex'd am I,
Nor hoary froſt which on the clods doth lie:
Or that they are ignorant of the Lattine tongue,
And *Græcian* ſpeech by *Getick* is orecome:
As that I am encompas'd round with warre,
So that within the walls we ſcarce ſafe are:
Sometimes ther's peace, but yet no truſt therein,
We feare the warres untill the warres begin.
So I remove, may Charibdis me devoure,
And ſend me downe unto the Stygian power.
In *Ætna's* ſcorching flame ile burne with eaſe,
Or be throwne into the Leucadian Seas:
For to be miſerable I doe not refuſe,
But yet a ſafer miſery I would chuſe.

To Bacchus that he would but ſpeake
To Cæſar, and for him entreate.

ELEGIE III.

Bacchus, this day the Poets keepe to thee,
If in the time I not deceived be:
[illegible] ſweet garlands round about their head,
[illegible]nch in praiſe of wine by them is ſed.

ongſt

Mongſt whom while I was ſuffered by my fate
I made up mine, whom then diſaſtrous hate
But now placid under the ſhaddow of the Bruns,
Sarmatia holds me to the Getes ſo neare.
I that did lead a life from labours free,
In my ſtuddie, or in the Muſes companie:
Now *Getick* weapons laſh on every hand,
Having ſuffered much before by Sea and Land:
Whether fate or angry gods did this aſſigne,
Or that the *Parcæ* frowned at my birth time?
Yet by thy power thou ſhouldſt have helped me,
One of the adorers of thy Ivie tree.
Or can no god ever alter that decree,
Which once the fatall Ladies prophecie?
Thou by deſert in heaven a ſeate doſt holde
And mad'ſt thy way through labours manifolde.
Nor did thy country alwayes thee containe,
But to the Getes and ſnowy *Satyres* came:
To *Perſis* and to *Ganges* wandring ſtreame.
And all thoſe waters Indians drinke uncleane.
The *Parcæ* that the fatall threds doe ſpin,
To the twice borne, twice this decree did ſing:
If I by the example of the gods may goe,
A hard eſtate of life doth keepe me love.
And in as heavy a manner as he I fell,
Whom *Iove* for bragging did from *Thebes* expell.
When thou heardſt thy Poet was thus thunder-ſtrooke,
For thy mothers ſake ſome griefe thou mightſt have ſtooke.
And looking on thy Poems, might'ſt ſay thus,
One here is wanting that much honor'd us:
Helpe *Bacchus*, and may ſo a double vine,
Burden the Elme, the grapes being full of wine.
So may the *Bacche* with the *Satyres* be,
Ready to make an amazed cry to thee.

And may *Lycurgus* bones be hardly preſt,
And *Penthew* ghoſt from torment never reſt.
So may thy wives cleere crowne within the ſkie
Shine ever, and excell thoſe ſtarres are nie.
Come hither and helpe me in my ſad eſtate,
Remember I was one of thine of late.
The gods have one ſociety, ſtrive to encline
Great *Ceſars* power by that ſame power of thine.
And you Poets that my fellow ſtudents be,
Take wine, and after pray the ſame for me.
And let ſome of you when *Ovids* name he heares,
Set downe the cup and mingle it with teares:
Saying when he doth all the reſt eſpie,
Where's *Ovid* once one of our companie?
Doe this if my candor did deſerve your love,
Or if I ne're did any line reprove.
If while I reverence former men that writ,
I am held equall not beneath in witt:
If with *Apollos* favour you would frame
A verſe, then keepe among you ſtill my name.

This letter here doth deſcrie,
Ovids greefe and miſery:
And it praiſeth much a friend,
That was conſtant to the end.

ELEGIE IIII.

I *Ovids* letter from Euxine land
Am come, being tyred both by Sea and land:
Who weeping ſayd, goe thou and viſite *Rome*,
Thy ſtate is better than my fatall doome.
ping he writ me, nor at his mouth would wet
ale which to his moiſt cheekes he did ſet.

If

If any one my cauſe of griefe would know,
He wiſhes I the ſumme to him ſhould ſhow:
He ſees no leaves in woods, in fields no graſſe,
Nor how the water in full ſtreames doth paſſe.
He may aske why *Priam* griev'd for *Hectors* ſake,
Why *Philoctetes* gron'd ſtung by a Snake:
Would the gods would put him into ſuch a ſtate,
That he ſhould have no cauſe to waile his fate.
Yet as he ought he indures his miſeries,
Nor like a wilde horſe from his bridle flyes.
He hopes that *Cæſars* wrath will not ſtill laſt,
Knowing no wickedneſſe in his faults thats paſt:
He calls to minde great *Cæſars* clemency,
Which by himſelfe he doth exemplifie.
For that he keepes his wealth, and ſtill doth live,
And is a Citizen; all this he doth give:
Yet thee (if thou beleev'ſt me) he doth beare,
Alwayes in minde and above all things deare.
His *Patroclus* and *Pylades* thou ſhalt be,
His *Theſeus* and *Euryalus* he calls thee:
Nor doth he wiſh his countrey more to ſee,
And thoſe things which with it now abſent be,
Than to ſee thy face, than honey ſweeter ſtill,
With which the Attick Bee the hive doth fill.
Oft being ſad, the time to minde he doth call,
And greeves that death did not prevent his fall.
When ſome my ſudden miſery did ſhunne,
Nor to the threſhold of my houſe would come.
He remembers thou moſt faithfull didſt remaine,
If any two or three a few do name.
And though amazed he did then perceive,
That thou as much as he himſelfe didſt greeve.
Thy words and ſighes he uſually declares,
And how his boſome was wet with thy teares.

Of which he ſayes he will be mindfull ever,
Whether he ſee day, or the earth him cover:
He would ſweare even by his head and thine,
Which as his owne he eſteemed at that time:
He ſhall returne thy love full thankes againe,
Nor ſhall thy Oxen plough the ſhoare in vaine:
Defend a baniſht man; I aske what he
Himſelfe doth not aske, that hath well knowen thee.

His wives birth he doth celebrate,
And prayes ſhe may be fortunate.

ELEGIE V.

MY wives birth day due honour doth expect,
My hands doe not thoſe holy rites neglect:
Thus *Vlyſſes* in the fartheſt part of all
The world, did keepe a ſolemne feſtivall,
Let now my tongue forget paſt griefes againe,
Which I feare hath forgot good words to frame.
That garment which I once a yeare do take,
Ile weare being white and unlike to my fate.
And a greene Altar ſhall of turfe be made,
And a Garland round about the Altar layd:
Boy give me incenſe making a fat flame,
And wine that in the fire may hiſſe againe.
Birthday I wiſh that thou maiſt ſtill come here
Proſperous, and unlike to mine appeare:
If any ill fate hover ore my wife,
Let me endure it in my wretched life:
And let my ſhip bruis'd with a grievous ſtorme,
Sayle on her way through ſafe Seas without harme,
In her houſe and countrey let her take delight,
Tis enough that theſe are taken from my ſight.

Though in her husband she unhappy be,
Let her other part of life from clouds be free:
May she live and love her absent husband now,
And spend those latter yeares which fates allow,
And mine too, but I feare my fate would give,
Some infection to those yeares which she doth live:
Nothing is certaine, for who'd thinke that I,
Should mongst the *Getes* keepe this solemnitie?
Looke how the winde towards *Italie* now drives,
The smoake that from the Incense doth rise:
There is sense in the clouds, which fire doth show,
But what it doth portend I doe not know.
When those brothers once did sacrificing stand,
Who after were slaine by each others hand:
In two parts the blacke flame did upward goe,
As if it were by them commanded so.
I remember once I said it could not be,
And *Calimachus* was not beleev'd of me;
Now I beleeve, since thou wise smoake dost bend,
For the North, and towards *Italie* dost ascend.
This is the day, which if it had not beene,
No feastday had of wretched me beene seene.
This day brought vertues that most equall were,
To those same men whose fames did shine most cleare:
Chastitie and constancie with her were borne,
But no joyes began upon that day forlorne.
But labour, cares, and sad adversity,
And like a widdow all alone to lye:
Yet goodnesse by adversity is tride,
And prais'd that doth in hardest times abide.
Had *Ulysses* seene no troubles in his dayes,
Penelope had beene happie without praise:
Evadne had layne in the earth unknowne,
If her husband conquerour from *Thebes* had come.

Of *Pelias* daughters one is prais'd by fame,
Becauſe ſhee married an unhappy man.
Had another firſt gon on the *Trojan* ſhoare,
Of *Laodameia* we ſhould heare no more:
And that affection had beene ſtill unknowne,
If that a faire winde in my ſailes had blowne.
You gods and *Cæſar*, which to you ſhall goe,
When he hath liv'd out *Neſtors* yeares below:
Spare not me who due puniſhment receive,
But her that doth unworthily now greeve.

Heere he doth entreat his friend,
Not to leave him in the end.

ELEGIE VI.

THou that wert once the hope of my affaires,
A refuge and a haven to my cares,
Doſt thou forget thy friend in miſerie?
That pious office doſt thou now lay by?
My burden thou ſhould'ſt not have undergone,
If in this time thou would'ſt have laid it downe:
Palinurus thou in the Sea doſt leave my barke,
Flye not, but be thou faithfull in thy Arte,
Automedon in the battell never fled,
Nor left *Achilles* horſe unmaniged.
Podalirius whom he tooke to cure, would ſtill,
Give him that helpe he promis'd by his skill.
Better not take than to thruſt forth a gueſt,
Let my hand on thy Altar firmely reſt:
To maintaine me at firſt thou didſt intend,
Me and thy judgement doe thou now defend.
If that there be no new offence of mine,
To make thee change thy faith for any crime:

My

My breath which I in *Scythia* fetch ſo ſlow,
I wiſh may firſt out of my body goe:
Ere any fault of mine thy breſt doe move,
Or that I ſeeme leſſe worthy of thy love.
We are not ſo by unjuſt fates oppreſt,
That length of miſerie ſhould diſturbe my breaſt:
Suppoſe it were, how often did *Oreſtes*
Speake froward words againſt his Pylades,
Nay it is true that he did ſtrike his friend,
Yet in friendſhip he continued to the end.
In this the wretched with the rich are even,
That unto both much flattery is given.
We give the way unto the blinde, and thoſe
Who are feard becauſe they weare the purple cloathes.
You ſhould ſpare my fortune though you ſpare not me,
There is no place now angry for to be:
Chuſe the leaſt ſorrow which I doe ſuſtaine,
Tis more than that whereof thou doſt complaine.
As Ditches hidden are with many a reede,
Or as the Bees which doe on *Hybla* feede:
Or like thoſe graines which by the Ants are found,
And in a ſmall path carried under ground.
Even ſuch a troope of ſorrowes compaſſe me,
Beleeve me, my complaint might greater be:
He that is not content herewith, may powre
Water to the Sea, or ſands unto the ſhoare.
Therefore thy unſeaſonable rage appeaſe,
Nor leave my ſailes in the midſt of the ſeas.

His miſeries he here repeates,
With the manners and habit of the Getes.

ELEGIE VII.

THis letter which thou readſt, from thence did come,
Where *Iſter* into the greene ſea doth runne.

If thou enjoy'ſt thy life and ſweeteſt health,
I ſhall be fortunate in that my ſelfe:
Doubtleſſe deare friend thou aſkeſt how I doe?
Which though I ſilent were, yet thou muſt know,
I am wretched, this my ſumme of griefe doth give,
Who ere offendeth *Cæſar* ſo ſhall live.
If thou wouldſt know the people of this region,
Of *Tomos*, and their manners and condition:
Though *Getes* and *Grecians* here do ſpread it ore,
This land of rugged *Getes* containeth more:
The *Sarmatians* and the *Getes* continually,
In troopes upon their horſes do paſſe by.
'Mongſt which ther's none but beares his bow in ſhew,
And arrowes which with vipers blood looke blew:
A wilde voyce, fierce look, deaths trueſt ſhape they have,
And then their haire and beard they never ſhave.
They are ready with a knife to give a wound,
Which every ſalvage by his ſide hath bound:
With theſe he lives who of you will mindfull be,
Thy Poet (Friend) doth theſe both heare and ſee.
And may he live, and in this place ne're dye,
That my Ghoſt from this hated place may fly.
Thou wrighteſt my verſe in Theaters is ſung,
And that a loud applauſe to them is rung.
Thou knowſt I have done nothing in Stagwayes,
Nor is my Muſe ambitious of applauſe:
Yet I like it that my memorie they retaine,
And of a baniſht man keepe up the name.
Though when I think what hurt once from them came,
I curſe my Muſes and my verſe againe.
And having curs'd I cannot them forſake,
Thoſe weapons bloodied in my wounds I take:
The ſhip torne with Euboian waves, yet after,
Dares freely ſaile in the Capharian water.

Yet

Yet I labour not for praiſe, nor take I care,
To get a name which better, unknowne were.
With ſtuddy I delight my minde and eye,
To delude my ſorrowes and my cares thereby.
What ſhould I doe on this ſame deſert ſhoare,
What other helpe for griefe can I emplote?
The place it ſelfe is unpleaſant unto me,
And nothing in the world can ſadder be.
The men are ſcarcely worthy of that name,
More cruelty than wolves they do retaine:
They feare no lawes, the right doth yeeld to wrong,
The Lawes are by the warlike ſword orecome.
To keepe off cold they skins and mantells were,
And their grim faces are hid with long haire:
In ſome of them ſome little Greeke is found,
Which is made barbarous by the *Gettick* ſound.
Amongſt theſe people there is ſcarce one man,
That render common words in Latin can.
I a Romane Poet (pardon me I pray
You Muſes) ſpeake in the Sarmatick way.
I am aſham'd, yet through diſuſe I finde,
That lattin words doe ſlowly come to minde:
And many barbarous words this booke deface,
Which is no fault of mine but of the place.
Yet that I may the Lattin tongue not looſe
And that I may ſtill keepe my voyce in uſe:
Thoſe unuſed words unto my ſelfe I ſpeake,
And to ſtuddies colours I retreat.
Thus I draw on the time, and my ſelfe doe bring
From the contemplation of my ſuffering:
By verſe I ſeeke to forget my miſeries,
If I get this by ſtuddy, it doth ſuffice.

To enveigh againſt one he doth begin,
Who had railed firſt at him.

ELEGIE. VIII.

THough I am fallen, yet I am not beneath thee,
Than which there's nothing can inferiour be.
What makes thee wicked man, to ſtomacke mee,
Inſulting in that which may happe to thee.
Cannot my miſeries make thee ſoft and milde. (wilde.
For which the beaſts would weepe though they are
Fearſt thou not fortune, on a Globe that ſtands,
Nor yet that hated goddeſſes commands?
Rhamnatia will on thee revenged be,
Becauſe thou tread'ſt upon my miſerie.
I have ſeene a ſhipwracke, and men caſt away,
Yet that the water was juſt ne're did ſay.
Who once deny'd the poore ſome broken meate,
Is glad himſelfe of begged bread to eate.
Fortune doth rove with an unconſtanc pace,
And ne're remaineth certaine in one place.
Now ſhe is merry, then ſullen by and by,
And conſtant in nothing but inconſtancy.
We flouriſht once, but ſoone that flower did fade,
And this our ſudden blaze of ſtraw was made.
Yet leaſt thou cruelly rejoyce in vaine,
I have ſome hope to pleaſe the gods againe.
My fault is not wicked, though it merrit blame,
And envy is wanting to increaſe my ſhame.
Beſides, from Sunne riſing till he downe doth goe,
The world a milder man can never ſhow.
And though he cannot be o'recome by ſtrength,
Entreaty makes his heart grow ſoft at length.
And like the gods to whom he ſhall go at laſt,
Will pardon me, and give more than I aske.

If you count the faire and fowle dayes in a yeare,
You ſhall finde the day hath oftner beene cleare:
Then leaſt thou joy in my ruine any more,
Thinke *Cæſar* may me once againe reſtore.
Thinke that the Prince appeas'd, it may come to paſſe,
That in the Citty thou maiſt ſee my face:
And ſee thee baniſht for a worſe fault than this,
Which is the next unto my former wiſh.

He ſhewes why his friend he dares not name,
Or mention him for feare of blame.

ELEGIE IX.

IF thou would'ſt let thy name be in my verſe,
How often then ſhould I thy name reherſe.
For thou the ſubject of my ſong ſhould'ſt be,
And each leafe of my Booke ſhould mention thee.
My love to thee through the Citty ſhould be ſpread,
If baniſht, I am in the Citty read:
The preſent age and latter ſhould know thee,
If that my writings beare antiquity.
And the Learned Reader praiſe to thee ſhould give,
And be honour'd while that I thy Poet live.
Tis *Cæſars* guift that we doe breath this ayre,
After the gods thankes unto thee due are.
He gave me life, and thou doſt it maintaine,
That ſo I may enjoy that gift againe.
When ſome to ſee my ruine were diſmaid,
And ſome I thinke for company were diſmai'd,
And beheld my ſhipwrack from ſome hill on land,
And to me ſwimming would not reach their hand:
Thou caldſt me halfe dead from the *Stygian* water,
And mad'ſt me to remember this hereafter.

May the gods and *Ceſar* ſtill be friends to thee,
My prayer cannot any larger bee.
Theſe things in my witty bookes I would haye brought
To light, if thou the ſame hadſt fitting thought:
Now though commanded for to hold her peace,
My Muſe from naming thee can hardly ceaſe.
As the couples cannot hold the ſtriving hound,
When he the footing of the Deere hath found.
As the fierce horſe with heeles and head doth beate,
On the Liſt gates till they be open ſet.
So my *Thaleia* ſhut in and enclos'd,
To name thee though forbidden is diſpos'd.
Yet leaſt a friends love hurt thee any way,
Feare not, I will thy owne commands obey.
Becauſe thou thinkſt that I do thinke on thee,
Since thou forbidd'ſt not, I will thankefull bee.
And while this life preſerving light I view,
My ſoule ſhall alwayes ſerve and honour you.

He complaines that he three yeeres had ſpent,
In Pontus *in ſad baniſhment.*

ELEGIE X.

SInce we came to *Pontus*, *Iſter* twice was froze,
And thrice the Euxine ſea even hardned growes.
But yet as many yeares they ſeeme to me,
As *Troy* was under the Greecke enemie.
Time ſeemes to ſtand, ſo ſlowly it goes on,
The yeere moſt ſlackly doth his journey runne.
Nor doth the Solſtice from night take away,
Nor the winter never ſhorteneth the day.
With us the natures of things changed are,
Which lengthens all things equall to my care.

Or doth the time his wonted course go on,
And onely seeme long unto me alone?
While the Euxine shore so call'd by a false name,
But more truly *Scythia*, doth me containe.
Fierce warres the nations round about doth threaten,
Who thinke their living is by stealth well gotten.
Nothing without is safe, the hill is fortified
With walles, and the nature of the place beside.
The foe like to a shoale of birds comes in,
And drives away the booty ere he's seene.
Sometimes their darts in the streets we gather up,
Which do flie or'e the walles the gates being shut.
If any now to plough the earth is bold,
One hand the plough, the other armes doth hold.
The Shepheard with an Helmet pipes on's reede,
And stead of Wolves, the sheepe the warres do dread.
The Castle scarce defends us, within we feare,
Cause the *Salvages* with the *Grecians* mixed are.
The Barbarian here with us doth dwell most free,
And the most houses by him possessed be:
Whom though you feare not, their lookes hatefull are,
Their bodies cover'd with skins and long haire.
Those which from *Greece* are thought to be deriv'd,
Their bodies with the *Persian* slop do hide.
They use the commerce of a neighbour tongue,
By gesture each thing is to me made knowne:
For I am underdood by none of them,
And the dull *Getes* the Latin words contemne.
They speake ill of me while that I am present,
And doe object to me my banishment:
And they do thinke ill of me oftentimes,
When while they speake I answer them by signes.
And injustice is more cruell than the sword,
Some in the Court, with wounds are often goard.

Hard

Hard *Lacheſis* thou gav'ſt too long a thred
Of life to me, under an ill ſtarre bred:
That my countries ſight and friends I now do want,
And thus in *Scythia* doe make my complaint.
Both grievous are, I have deſerv'd from *Rome*
To be baniſht, not to ſuch a place to come:
What ſpeake I madly? I deſerv'd to dye,
When I offended *Cæſars* majeſtie.

To his wife 'cauſe ſome did her defame,
And call her wife to a baniſht man.

ELEGIE XI.

THy Letter which thou ſendſt me doth complaine,
That ſome one call'd thee wife to a baniſht man:
I griev'd, not that my life is ill ſpoke by,
Who now have uſ'd to ſuffer valiantly:
But that I am a cauſe of ſhame to thee,
And I thinke thou bluſheſt at my miſery.
Endure, thou haſt ſuffered more even for my ſake,
When the Princes wrath me from thee firſt did take.
Hee's deceiv'd who calleth me a baniſht man,
My fault a gentler puniſhment did attaine:
Our ſhip though broke is not orewhelm'd or drown'd,
It beares up ſtill, though it no Porte hath found.
My life, my wealth, my right he doth not take,
Which I deſerv'd to loſe for my faults ſake.
To offend him was a puniſhment farre more,
I wiſh my funerall houre had gone before:
But becauſe no wickedneſſe was in my fault,
To baniſh me he onely litteſt thought.
As to thoſe whoſe numbers cannot reckond be,
So *Cæſars* Majeſtie was milde to me.

There-

Therefore my verſes by right as they may,
O *Ceſar*, doe ſing forth thy praiſe alway:
I beſeech the gods to ſhut up heavens gate,
And let thee be a god on earth in ſtate.
But thou that calld'ſt me thus a baniſht man,
Encreaſe not my ſorrow with a fained name.

To his friend who wiſht him to delight Himſelfe, while he did verſes write.

ELEGIE XII.

THou writ'ſt that I ſhould paſſe the time away,
With ſtuddy leaſt my minde with ruſt decay:
Tis hard (my friend) verſe is a merry taske,
And it a quiet minde doth alwayes aske.
Our fate is droven by adverſe winde,
No chance more ſad than mine can be aſſign'd:
Thou wouldſt have *Priam* at his ſonnes death jeſt,
And *Niobe* dance as it were at a feaſt.
Ought I to ſtuddie or elſe to lament?
That alone unto the fartheſt *Getes* am ſent.
Give me a breſt with ſo much ſtrength ſuſtained,
Such as *Anytus* had, as it is famed.
So great a waight would ſinke his wit at length;
Ioves anger is above all humane ſtrength.
That old man which *Apollo* wiſe did call,
In ſuch a caſe would not have writ at all.
Though I forget my countrey and my ſelfe,
And have no ſenſe at all of my loſt wealth:
To doe my office feare doth me forbid,
Being compaſſ'd in with foes on every ſide.
Beſides, my vaine grownes dull being ruſted o're,
And now it is farre leſſer than before.

The

The field if that it be not daily till'd,
Will nothing elſe but thornes and knotgraſſe yeeld.
The horſe having long ſtood ſtill will badly runne,
And be laſt of thoſe that from the liſts do come.
The boate that hath long out of water beene,
Growes rotten, and the chinkes thereof are ſeene.
Then hope not I that had an humble vaine,
Can ere returne like to my ſelfe againe.
My wit by my long ſuffering is decay'd,
And part of my former vigor now doth fade.
Sometimes my tables in my hand I take,
And I my words to runne in feete would make.
I can write no verſes but ſuch as you ſee,
Fitting the place and their Authors miſerie.
And laſtly, glory gives ſtrength to a ſtraine,
And love of praiſe, doth make a fruitfull vaine.
I was allur'd with hope of fame before,
While as a proſperous winde my ſailes out bore.
But now in glory I take not delight,
I had rather be unknowne if that I might:
Becauſe that ſome my verſe at firſt did like,
Wouldſt thou have me therefore proceed to write?
May I ſpeake it with your leave, you Siſters nine,
You chiefly caus'd this baniſhment of mine.
As the maker of the Bull in it did ſmart,
So I am alſo puniſht by my Art.
And now with verſe I ought for to have done,
And being ſhipwrackt I the ſea ſhould ſhunne.
Suppoſe that ſtudy I ſhould againe aſſay,
This place is unfit for verſes any way.
Here are no bookes, nor none to lend an eare,
Nor none can underſtand me if they heare.
All places here both rude and wilde are found,
And filled with the fearefull *Getick* ſound.

I have forgot in Latin for to speake,
And I have learnt the language of the Getes.
Yet to speake truth, I cannot so refraine
My Muse, but sometime she a verse will frame.
I write, and then I burne those bookes againe,
And thus my study endeth in a flame.
I cannot make a verse, nor do desire,
Which makes me put my labour in the fire.
No part of my invention to you came,
But that which was stole or snatch'd from the flame.
And would that Art too had beene burnt for me,
Which brought the Author unto miserie.

Here he doth accuse his friend,
Because he did no letters send.

ELEGIE XIII.

FRom the *Getticke* land thy *Ovid* sends thee health,
If one can send what he doth want himselfe:
For my mind from my body infected is,
Least any part of me should torment misse.
A paine in my side me many dayes hold,
Which I had gotten by the winters cold.
If thou art well, then we in part are well,
For thou didst underprop me when I fell.
Thou gav'st me many pledges of thy heart,
And didst defend me still in every part.
'Tis thy fault that letters thou dost seldome send,
Thou performedst deeds, deny'st words to thy friend.
Pray mend this fault, which if you shall correct,
In thee alone there will be no defect.

I would accuse thee more, but it may be,
Thy Letter being sent came not to me.
May this complaint of mine seeme rash and hot,
May I falsely thinke that thou hast me forgot.
Which as I pray for, I am sure to finde,
For I can ne're beleeve that thou hast chang'd thy mind.
Gray wormewood shall in the cold sea be scant,
And *Sycilian Hybla* shall sweete hony want,
E're thou in remembring of thy friend grow slacke,
The threds sure of my fate are not so blacke.
And that thou mayst avoyd so foule a crime,
What thou art not, beware thou do not seeme.
And as we were wont to passe the time away,
With some discourse till we had spent the day:
Let Letters carry and fetch backe our words,
While hands and paper tongues to us affords.
But least I seeme too distrustfull for to bee,
And that these few lines may admonish thee,
Take my farewell, which word doth Letters end,
And may fortune better fates unto thee send.

Ovid *shewes his wife that shee,*
Shall by his bookes immortall bee.

Elegia XIIII.

WHat a memoriall my bookes give to thee,
Thou wife more dearer than my selfe maist see.
Though fortune from their Author do detract,
Yet by my wit thy fame shall be exact.
While I am read, thy fame shall too be read,
Which cannot in the funerall fire lye dead.

And though thou seem'ſt unhappy by my fate,
Yet ſome ſhall wiſh to be in thy eſtate:
Who 'cauſe thou bear'ſt part of my miſerie,
May call thee happy, and may envy thee.
By giving riches thou no more had'ſt got,
Since the rich mans ghoſt from hence doth carry nought:
But I have given thee fame that ſtill ſhall laſt,
The greateſt guiſt that I could give, thou haſt.
And 'cauſe thou doſt defend me in my trouble,
This maketh honour come upon thee double.
For that my voyce doth ever mention thee,
Thy husbands love may ſtill thy glory bee.
And leaſt ſome call thee rath, abide to the end,
Both me and thy faith ſee that thou defend.
For whiſe we ſtood, thou onely didſt maintaine
Thy goodneſſe free from any fault or blame.
Which is not ruin'd by this fault of mine,
Thy vertue now may make thy workes to ſhine.
Tis eaſie to be good, when we remove
All occaſions that may make wives not to love:
But in thunder if the ſhower ſhe do not ſhunne,
Such affection doth true marriage love become.
Rare is that love which fortune doth not guide,
But when ſhe flies away doth firme abide.
If vertue a reward to any be,
Shewing moſt courage in adverſitie:
Thy vertue in no age ſhall be conceal'd,
But through the world admired and reveal'd.
Thou ſeeſt *Penelope* doth ſtill retaine,
For conſtancy an unextinguiſht name.
Admetus and brave *Hectors* wife are ſung,
And *Hiphias* wife that into fire did runne.
The *Phylacean* wife by fame new life hath found,
Whoſe husband firſt ſet foote on *Trojan* ground.

I doe not neede thy deare-bought love to me,
And thence thou shalt get fame most easily.
Nor thinke I exhort thee, cause that thou dost faile,
Though the ship goe with oares, we put on sailes.
He that exhorts, doth praise what thou dost doe,
And by exhorting doth his liking shew.

FINIS.

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